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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by W. H. BURR.

THE NEW YORK (CITY) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY held its Seventh Anniversary in the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, May 9th, 1860. Although an entrance fee was charged at the door, the spacious hall was crowded to the utmost, many being compelled to stand in the aisles during the whole proceedings.

The chair was occupied by OLIVER JOHNSON, who, having called the meeting to order, said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall introduce to you, as the first speaker on the present occasion, a young man who, in one respect, is a prodigy; and I hope that in saying so I shall not prejudice him in your estimation. He is one of the small number of young men in this country who dare, for conscience sake, to differ with their ministers (applause). I think you will agree with me that this is a great merit, especially when it is considered that his minister is none other than Henry Ward Beecher. If this is not sufficient proof of bravery on his part, I trust his speech will supply whatever may be lacking in that particular. I introduce to you Mr. THEODORE TILTON, of the editorial staff of *The Independent.*

Speech of Theodore Tilton.

Mr. TILTON, on rising, was greeted with hearty applause. He spoke as follows:

I REMEMBER once reading in the Autobiography of Robert Haydon, the English historical painter, his account of taking a full-length plaster cast of a negro whose fine physical proportions had attracted the artist's eye. The stalwart man stood in a high and narrow box, fitting round him as closely as a coffin. The soft plaster was poured about his body, and began setting into hardness. His limbs were gradually embedded in the mould, as if they were fossils in a solid rock. He stood unmoved as a statue, without contorting a muscle, until the plaster, as it rose about his chest, tightened upon his lungs, and the strong man, helpless, unable to stir, began to suffocate. Writhing his face into an expression of agony, and uttering a groan of despair, he summoned the artist to his relief, who seized a hammer, and with one blow struck the cast, broke it into fragments, and set the man free!

So our American institutions are taking their impress from the negro, and crushing him in their grasp. Already his face is turned toward us in piteous appeal; already his groans are heard throughout the land. We come to-night to lift the hammer, to strike the image, and to free the man! (Applause.) Nor let any one say that we lift rude and unholy hands; for, since the world was old enough to have a history, the image-breakers have been God's truest workmen (applause).

The question of the hour—the question of the age—is this: Is slavery right, or is it wrong? And in coming anew to the discussion this year, I think we have one great advantage over all former years; for, at last, we have had the question stated nakedly and honestly by our enemies.

A gray-haired lawyer of this city—looking into the eyes of seven thousand of his fellow-citizens, and speaking in the ears of thirty millions more—has declared that the only point at issue, the only point worthy of a national discussion, is whether slavery be, or be not, benign, beneficent and just; and he gave his judicial opinion, and added to it his moral conviction, that American slavery is benign and divine! That was a new "glittering generality," kindled at the blazing footlights of the Academy of Music, and held up as a flambeau to which the Democratic party might come and light their torches in the coming campaign!

And so we have the House of York at the Academy of Music, and the House of Lancaster at the Cooper Institute, and we wage again, as of old, the war of the white and the red rose!

Who is right, and who is wrong?

I walked, one summer day, on the summit of Richmond Hill, in front of the Capitol of Virginia, in company with that eccentric man of genius, Dr. Ross, of Alabama, the leader of that portion of the New School Presbyterian Church that encamps on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. He said to me, with great seriousness—as if there had flashed into his mind, in the sunlight of that beautiful morning, a momentary suspicion of the divinity of the divine institution!—he touched me on the arm and said, "If I am wrong, I am terribly wrong; and if the Abolitionists are right, they are sublimely right!" I parted with him, and strolled down the slope of the hill. While I walked, there came to me, borne in upon my ear in the stillness of that summer air, a succession of strange, monotonous sounds—"Going! going! going!" and as I turned my steps in the direction whence they came, I was beckoned by a red flag—that ought, sir, to have been a *black* flag!—to the room of an auctioneer, in which, the moment I entered, I saw standing upon the auction-block a woman with a child folded in her arms, and with another standing by her side. I remember how the auctioneer announced her to the crowd of buyers—"This woman, of the name of Mary!" Think of it, sir! A trembling woman—bearing the sacred name that bowed last and lowest at the foot of the cross on which Christ died!—standing there amid the strife and rivalry of bids, exposed as merchandise to public sale! Well, she was sold, with the little child on her bosom, to one State; the boy at her side, to another; and two older children, lying in the slave-pen, near at hand, to two different States! Thus a little family, already robbed of its father by a previous sale, was now broken a second time, and scattered to the four winds! I walked out from the crowded room, sickened at a sight so strange to my eyes, glad to stand once more in the clear light of the sun—remembering how it shines alike upon the evil and the good, upon the just and the unjust! Then, recalling the words of Dr. Ross, I thought, "Ah! sir, you are *terribly wrong!*" and, remembering Wilberforce in his grave, I said half aloud, in the streets of that slave city, "He was *sublimely right!*" (Loud applause.) Yes, Mr. Charles O'Conor! there was a time when John Randolph, of that same State of Virginia, arose in his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, and said, "I envy neither the heart nor the head of any man who rises here to defend slavery from principle." But, sir, Virginia—that great State!—once the mother of Presidents, but now the mother of slaves!—in her long and loud plaudits of the New York lawyer's words, virtually bids welcome to a foreigner and Irishman to trample on the grave of John Randolph of Roanoke! In the gateway to her Capitol, on one side there stands, erected in bronze, a statue of Thomas Jefferson, holding in his right hand the scroll of the Declaration of Independence, in which, for eighty years, our fathers and ourselves have read, "All men are created free and equal." On the other side stands another statue, likewise in bronze, of Patrick Henry, holding in one hand a drawn sword, and in the other a scroll with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death." When the setting sun throws his last slanting rays on those bronze statues, the shadows that go creeping down the hill steal like ill-omened ghosts over the thresholds of slave-pens, where, from morning until noon of every day, men, women, and little children are sold, like goods and wares, at auction sale!

Such is the mockery of freedom in a free land! In the heart of the Republic we have a despotism. Sir, the plantation is an empire, the planter is an emperor, and we are a people governed, not by the President of the States, but by the Czar of the Carolinas. And how patiently we submit to it! The government says, "I must have revenues from the cotton-field; slave labor must be used; therefore I will make men slaves, that slaves may make cotton, that cotton may pay a tax." In the Hotel d'Orient, at Athens, it is said, a perpetual fire is kept burning, fed with the roots of the ancient olive woods, at a cost of a hundred francs a day. With us, liberty is an ancient flame that many men would like to see kept burning, but they cannot afford to sacrifice for it 1½ cents a pound on cotton, and so they smother the fire with the bales.

What is the attitude of the American people toward the slave? How stands the State? How stands the Church? How stands every branch of our political institutions?

Go to the Supreme Court of the United States; knock at the door, and ask, "What hope is here for the slave?" Ah, sir, I will tell you what will be the reply. Caraffa—the Austrian Judge Jeffries—lifted up his hands, and cried, "If I had one drop of blood in my veins that could ever throb in sympathy with the Hungarians, I would bleed myself to death." Chief Justice Taney—the American Judge Jeffries—taking up his pen to write a sentence of condemnation against a poor man begging for his liberty, virtually declares, "If I have in my veins one drop of blood that beats in sympathy with the negro, I now shed it on this white paper," and so he gave his decision to the world *blood-stained.* That, sir, is American justice, sitting in ermine on her supreme bench!

Shall I turn to politics, to find hope in contending parties? Vedius Apollo, the friend of the Emperor Augustus, fed his fishes with the flesh of slaves; that is the way we feed our politicians (laughter). Take the lighted lantern of Diogenes—if so be that it is still burning!—and hunt up and down the highways and by-ways of politics, in search of an honest man! Where will you go? I will tell you where you will *not* go; and that is, to Albany (laughter). A friend of mine who was in that city a few days ago, told me, on his return, that in one of the halls of the Capitol a long row of portraits of State Senators and Representatives, hanging on the wall, stared everybody in the face who passed by. After the introduction of the recent "Gridiron Bill" into the legislature—a gridiron that was loaded with fat spoils—some wag went in the night, and posted over the portraits a placard in great black letters, with the flattering announcement, "*Rogues' Gallery*" (laughter). I have not yet heard that he has been sued for libel (great laughter). Historians say that the Spanish soldiers in the Netherlands, plucking plunder from a conquered province, washed their horses' feet with wine. Our American politicians wade to their votes, washing their feet with bribes! Sir, both parties are guilty. Though standing here as a Republican, I charge almost equal criminality upon both the Democratic and the Republican party (applause). Plunder is a no less guilty word when written in the private memorandum book of a Republican State Senator, than when graven upon the open palm of a Democratic corruptionist (great applause). Now, sir, what hope is here for the slave, who, by the very poverty of his bondage, is too poor to come bearing in his hands a bribe?

Do you point me to the Church? Now, sir, I make no indiscriminate charge against the Church. The Church is the Churches; the Churches are not a unit; they therefore cannot fall under one condemnation. In olden times, if men, driven hard by persecution, and fleeing for their lives, could take refuge at the altar of a cathedral, they were safe. No hand could lay its violence upon them! And there are Churches now whose altars are bulwarks and refuges against oppression. You may count them from Music Hall to Brooklyn Heights, from Union Square to the Rocky Mountains (applause). But these are few; the others are many. Why, sir, look at it! Six hundred thousand human beings held in bondage by ministers and members of the American Protestant Church! Now, I believe it is the natural tendency of men, whose thoughts are in any degree accustomed to rise in religious contemplation towards God, to stand, from a national instinct and sympathy, on the side of freedom, justice, and truth. But the pulpit is ever more dragged down to the dead level of the pews. Dr. Cox was against slavery until he was mobbed; then he went over to the other side. Sir, during the Inquisition, when a Catholic priest became a Protestant pervert, his shaven crown was scraped with a bit of glass, by which it was supposed that the original oil of consecration was removed. I think that when the mob shattered the window-panes of Dr. Cox's house, some of the glass must have fallen on his head! (Loud laughter.)

Then, sir, we have those sensitive doctors of divinity—editors of religious journals—who are very severe against mutilations by Tract Societies, but who do not dare to print in their own columns, without mutilation, an honest criticism on the Churches and the ministry, merely because it happens to tie up a white cravat into a hard knot! (Laughter.) If that strikes home, let it strike! (Applause.)

Whither shall we go, then, to find hope for the slave? The Commerce of the age—like the commerce of all ages—is selfish. It seeks unlawful thrift by a trade in men! In Sparta, to prevent the increase of slaves, they were slain with daggers in the public highways. Compare the ancient with the modern times! In Virginia, to *hasten* the increase of slaves, they are bred for the market as farmers breed their stock.

Thus the controlling forces of our times are bearing down upon the negro, and he is crushed under their weight. What and whence is his relief?

The problem is, to get the Church to say, with Wesley, that "Slavery is the sum of all villanies"; to get the Press to say, with Coleridge, that "Slaveholders are a legalized banditti of menstealers"; to get the State to repudiate, with Lord Brougham, the "wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." Now, how shall we do it?

When you wish to get a bad man to do right, first give him a conscience, and then teach him to obey it. So, you cannot expect a slaveholding nation to do right, until you touch deeply its moral sense. Then, by the force of its own aroused conscience, it will break the slave's chain. But how are you to reach the national conscience? I know of but one way; and that is, by the same uninterrupted agitation that has been going on for twenty years; by the perpetual appeals of noble and true-hearted men; by an unceasing proclamation of the truth; by a steady indoctrination of the people into a belief of the value of justice, the sacredness of liberty, the dignity of man! We are to demand of all the institutions of our times—of the Church, of the State, of the Courts, of the Market-place—that all these, standing now on a low level, shall lift themselves up into a higher plane!

But here comes a man, frowning upon the agitation, and scowling at the impracticable demands of the agitators, asking with indignation, "Can the Church be purified at a stroke? Can politics be made clean in a day? Will commerce turn unselfish at a breath? Will parties grow honest for a preamble?"

Sir, I reply, No! I remember Tennyson's line, how

> "——freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

I know that the reform will go on slowly enough, in spite of every eloquent appeal to truth and justice to hasten it. But, sir, I know also that it would not go on at all, if it were not for the eternal moral principle behind it, to urge it forward! The sun cannot call forth summer in a day; and yet, without the sun, no blade of grass can grow—no blossom will hang upon the stem—no fruit will ripen for the harvest. Men point to us, and say we are fanatics; they point to our meetings, and call them unprofitable; they mock at our anniversaries, and call them useless. Now, sir, I know that an anti-slavery speech in New York will not abolish slavery from a single plantation in South Carolina. What then? Are words worthless? Is speech nothing? Is a full heart powerless? Is the tongue to keep silence? No, sir; for I need not say to rational men that if the right to liberty never were proclaimed, the act of liberty would never be performed. Therefore, the State should be taught, "There is a higher law than the statute;" the Church should be taught, "There is a higher ethics than the morality of the pews;" the political parties should be taught, "There is a higher platform than the prospectus of a Presidential campaign!" (Applause.)

Take, for illustration, the one great topic which every day's newspaper is thrusting upon us afresh. I mean the present state of parties in the nation. Last Saturday, a distinguished member of the Republican party, on his way to Chicago, said to me, "If Mr. Douglas is nominated on the platform on which he now professes to stand, he will strike from the hands of the Republicans the chief weapon of their warfare." What was that? Why, the great, and well-nigh the successful, argument against the Democrats in 1856 was that they were determined to fix and fasten slavery upon the territories, in defiance of the well-known will of the people of those territories. But Mr. Douglas, at Charleston, for prudential considerations, refused to stand upon a platform which thus unequivocally declared its purpose to thrust a barbarous institution upon an unwilling people. That is to say, Mr. Douglas virtually yields in 1860 all that the Republicans demanded in 1856. Now, if the Republican party has no higher aim than to keep out slavery from the territories, *the moment the territories are safe, that moment the party is useless.* The watchword of Republicans is, "No slavery in the territories!" Mr. Douglas, who knows that his horoscope is cast for 1860, or never more, artfully catches up the sound, mimics it with an echo, and cries out, "Well, then, so be it, if the people will; no slavery in the territories!" What is the result? Why, the Republican party melts away under the breath of Mr. Douglas' mouth; a very unpleasant breath to melt under! (Great laughter.) What is the remedy? The Republican party must take higher ground! (Applause.) Do you ask, "Shall more be put into the platform of 1860, than was put into the platform of 1856?" Well, perhaps not, if present success is the highest object to be attained. It may be inexpedient, in attempting to move the masses of the people, to crowd them forward faster than they are able to go of themselves. But I maintain, as a member of the Republican party, that whether more anti-slavery sentiment is to be added to the new platform than was in the old, it is the duty of Republican leaders now, it will be their duty during the coming campaign, it will be their duty so long as there is any battle to be fought against oppression in the land, to lead the people step by step to higher ground, to teach them by continual precept a higher and nobler lesson of liberty, to educate them daily into a higher appreciation of men's rights and of God's truths! When the city of Leyden was besieged by the Duke of Alva's army, the besiegers, in their counsel of war, said, "Let us make our attack at the bastion of the South Gate; the moment we scale that single tower, we are in the city; then the sword shall be naked for the slaughter!" The besieged, locked within the walls of the menaced city, knew too well that the weakness of their defences would not be able to withstand the strength of the assault. The engineers pointed to the solitary bastion and said, "The moment that is taken, we all are taken." They knew their peril. How did they prepare to avert it? Silently, in the night, without blast of trumpet or stroke of hammer, they laid a granite foundation for another bastion of solid mason work, that rose with slow strength to the level of the first, and stood in the early light of the dawn, majestic and impregnable. On the next day came the cannonade, the assault, the scaling-ladders, the mounting of the wall, the shout of victory—when suddenly, at the moment when high hopes were highest, and loud cheers were loudest, the besiegers, whose Spanish blood was excited with the thought that they were on the point of leaping down into the city, were confronted by the unexpected column of granite which had arisen in the night, and there, standing exposed upon the high battlements, the assailants were pierced with arrows, stricken with panic, and driven back in dismay and defeat! Now, sir, if [illegible] November, the Democratic party, by a desperate assault, should succeed in carrying by storm the Presidential election, there is only one way in which the Republican leaders can save the loss from being a defeat; and that is, to begin now to teach the pliant conscience of party how to harden into the solid rock! (Applause.) The party can afford to lose an election, if, in so doing, they strengthen their conscience and maintain their principle!

Now, coming back to the point from which I wandered for an illustration, this education of the public conscience is the lesson which the Abolitionists teach; and the way they teach it is by the agitation. There are two classes of reformers; the leaders of the masses, and the leaders of the leaders. I know very well that it is your middle men—not the Abolitionists, but the Republicans—who win the popular applause. Yet these same Republican speakers, at whose feet the people sit, must come themselves to sit at the feet of Wendell Phillips (applause).

Has the Republican party no need of the agitation? Go to the House of Representatives at Washington, and pluck out Mr. Corwin for illustration. Mr. Corwin says, "I love liberty; I love the negro; I would that the negro had his liberty; I dislike the Fugitive Slave law; nevertheless, when I turn over the leaves of the statute-book, and find that I am enjoined to return to bondage the slave who escapes from his master, however repugnant may be the law to my sentiments of humanity, still, because it is a law, and so long as it is a law, I must yield it my obedience and support." My friends, Mr. Corwin commits the common error of supposing that he can afford to disobey the law of God for the sake of obeying a law of man! Mr. Corwin thinks that it is not safe to do right, so long as a statute-book commands him to do wrong. Look at it! What hope does so generous and honest a man as Mr. Corwin—for generosity and honesty are qualities which have always belonged to his personal character—what hope does Mr. Corwin hold out to the slave? He says to the trembling fugitive, "O weary, hunted man! after you have broken your chains—after you have kindled many glowing hopes from the distant fires of the North Star—after you have made a clear escape from the rice-swamps, and the cotton-fields, and the cane-brakes—after you have passed the many perils of journeying through bypaths by night, and of lurking in secret hiding-places by day; foot-sore and weary, covered with scars of the driver's whip, and newer scars from the wounds of his pursuing dogs—after all this suffering and despairing, in which despair has still struggled into hope, and hope at length has struggled into victory—after all the long toil is over, and at last your feet have found a shelter on the free soil of Ohio, I bid you welcome"—cries Mr. Corwin, coming down to the banks of the river, with the statute-book in his hand—"I bid you welcome to the hospitality of my roof to-night; but Ohio is a great State, and I am its representative; I sympathize with you as a fellow-creature, but I must not forget that I am a politician; sit at my table, and eat and drink; sleep in my garret till the morning light; but when you wake, before you have time to run away, I will open this book and read you the Fugitive Slave law; I will lay on your shoulder a hand heavier than iron; I will seize you, bind you wrist to wrist with handcuffs, and lead you back a returned captive—sick at heart, despairing, and more ready to die than to live—through all the long journey over which you have come, until at last you are once more tied to the whipping-post of your master's plantation in the Carolinas—scourged for sleeping too unsoundly in a slave's cabin—beaten with many stripes for having, in some restless hour of the night, dreamed of liberty and the Northern hills!" (Applause.)

Sir, I ask all good men, solemnly, Has the Republican party no need of the agitation? (Applause.)

Well, sir, if the Republican party has need of the agitation, I am sure the Democratic party has need of it more. The present position of that party is not a little amusing. You will allow me to shed my very cheerful tear—for my grief is merry—over the defeat, the death, and the burial of our friend, the Honorable Jefferson Davis—killed by the persistent compliment—the cold and cruel compliment—of one Massachusetts vote! When his political obituary comes to be written, it shall be said of him, as a Boston paper said of a good deacon who died in that city, "The deceased was a relative of the Hon. Caleb Cushing,* but was in all other points a respectable man" (great laughter).

Well, there are those who say of the other candidate who is not yet killed—of course, I mean Mr. Douglas—that he is anti-slavery at heart. Indeed! Tell me how much? A young husband, shortly after marriage, sat down with his wife to one of those romantic dinners that are very good because of the occasion, but seldom because of the cooking (laughter). They had chicken-soup, and the soup was very thin—almost as thin as water. The man sipped a little, for love's sake, but finally, for hunger's sake, exclaimed: "My dear, couldn't you persuade that chicken to wade again through this soup?" (Great laughter.) Now, Mr. Douglas is said to be a game chicken, but he must wade again through the soup before he can make us swallow it (renewed laughter). A young lady who had fallen in love with a man who had a huge moustache sent a complaining letter to *Punch* about the great quantity of hair on her lover's face, asking what she should do, in her distress, about his beard. "Do about it?" said *Mr. Punch.* "Why, my charming friend," said he, "set your face flat against it" (laughter). So, sir, Mr. Douglas tells the public that he does not like the bristling beard of the Slave Power, but sets his face very resolutely, yet very lovingly, against it! (Laughter and applause.)

One word more, and that serious. This agitation is not one of methods, but of principles. It therefore summons to its aid all who love God, liberty and their fellow-men, asking that they come without distinction of party or creed, to aid with their good will and good work a pressing forward the great cause. The Abolitionists have always been misunderstood, and therefore misrepresented. Mr. Garrison, for instance, is said to seek, as the chief object of his life, the dissolution of the Union of these States. Not so! His chief aim is liberty for the slave. He would throw away the Constitution, and dissolve the Union, merely as methods of liberating the slave. Other men, having the same object in view, would take different methods to accomplish it. For my own part—although my opinion can be of but little worth to any one else—I neither reject the Constitution nor would destroy the Union (applause). On the contrary, I claim the Constitution for freedom, and claim the Union as the theatre on which to work it out (applause). Nevertheless, what is my chief object? It is to free the slave! What is Mr. Garrison's chief object? It is to free the slave! Therefore I clasp hands on this platform with Mr. Garrison (applause). This being his purpose, this platform is his place; this being my purpose, this platform is my place; if this be your purpose, this platform is your place! (Applause.) I would be ashamed to call myself a man, if I had so little manliness that I would not dare to stand side by side, in this great work, with men with whose mere methods alone I disagree, but with whose leading aims, and principles, and especially with whose beautiful and heroic lives, I stand in glad and willing sympathy.

Nor have I much opinion of any man's moral courage, who suffers himself to be frightened away from this platform by the absurd cry that the agitation is the offspring of infidelity. Sir, as for myself, I am content to make the basis of my abolitionism the inspired word of God. The platform on which I take my stand as an Abolitionist is this book [holding up a Bible]. Up yonder in the Fifth Avenue, there is a new brick church, in the pulpit of which stands on Sunday mornings a venerable man on whose head eighty winters have piled their successive snows. That minister [illegible] said, "The Bible is no agitator!" Sir, these words are a slander on this book. (Hisses and great applause, both continuing for some minutes.) I should judge by the hissing that some of the persons present have been reading in this same book, of the creeping thing mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis (laughter, and renewed hisses and applause). The Bible no agitator? Sir, it has overthrown principalities and powers! (Applause.) The Bible no agitator? It has been for two thousand years leading men and women through flaming fires to the martyr's stake! (Applause and hisses.) The Bible no agitator? You may trace the progress of the religion of the Bible down through the centuries, as you trace the trail of wounded soldiers, by blood-marks in the snow! The Bible no agitator? Then blot out every tale of Christian heroism and suffering, written in the caves and solitary places of the earth—more legible than the geologic records—belting the globe with one continuous inscription, from the mountains of Judea westward to the Waldensian Alps—from the beach of Delft Haven westward still, over the ocean, to Plymouth Rock! The Bible no agitator? The Bible is the *arch* agitator; and it is the agitation with which this book has stirred the world that I bring to this question—an agitation which, I know, will sooner or later touch the heart of the nation! (Applause.)

Infidelity! What is it? Sir, I am a Christian man, I trust, by Christ's grace, and I utter no slander but speak only the truth when I say, that Infidelity is the religion of Fifth Avenue Churches, accepting the divinity of Christ, but denying the humanity of man! (Loud applause.) In Germany, when the stone-breakers wish to split a boulder, they drive a wooden wedge into it, and go home, leaving the dry wood to be moistened by the dews of the night. As the moisture enters the wood, the fibres begin to swell, and before the morning the great rock is split asunder. Martin Luther, taking up the old vellum of this book, dropped it as a wedge into the great rock of the papal hierarchy. What happened? There was an earthquake in the world, which shook the dome of St. Peter's with its jar! To-night, in God's name, I put this book as a wedge into the walls of the house of bondage, with the firm hope and faith, that whether I live to see the end in my day or not, the prison-house will surely be burst open, and the oppressed will go free! (Applause.) May God, in his providence, speed the hour, and crown the work! (Loud applause.)

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

Mr. PHILLIPS, being the next speaker announced, came forward amid loud applause, and spoke as follows:

The friend who has preceded me has covered the ground so amply that one hardly knows where to glean after him. I used to say, some eight or ten years ago, when we were charged with unduly accusing the American Church, that, whenever that Church should really and heartily adopt the principles of the Abolitionist, it would come to us in such power, with such a crowd of applauding and efficient effort, that we should find no room to stand on our own platform. The day is dawning. Mr. Garrison and I struggle up and try to get an inch or two that is not Dr. Cheever's (laughter).

My friend alluded to the temper charged upon agitators. We are very frank spoken, and we mean to be. Our motto is to call things by their right names. It is only by the uttered truth that the conscience is ever awakened. Divide the thunder into single notes, and it becomes a lullaby for children. Pour it out in one quick peal, and the royal sound shakes the heavens. Our agitation is intended to stun the nation into sobriety, drunken as it is with prosperity, with triumph, with gainful indifference to justice and humanity. But we claim that our rebuke has always been the hearty, honest, fearless, above-board criticism of honest Saxon men. I have heard it said that only the cold-blooded animals are poisonous. We have very hot blood—I know we have (laughter). We are charged with having [illegible] the cold snake of a craven pulpit, that distils the venom of its slander and permits no answer. Ours is the hot, open, above-board indignation of us who see wrong in the streets and denounce it, and hold ourselves responsible for the denunciation everywhere and at all times, face to face with those whom we criticize.

We rely upon agitation. It is the only hope of a people where universal suffrage prevails, as with us. Whom do we criticize? Whom do we criticize? We criticize public men, and we criticize acts for which they claim public honor and station. Yesterday morning I criticized your great favorite statesman. If any of his friends, or if by chance (which is not possible) he should happen to be so thin-skinned as to object to public criticism, let him retire from the public arena. When men offer themselves to us, the nation, as our servants, we have a right to inquire as to their qualifications. In Turkey, if a man in private life commits a crime, he is tried by the Cadi according to law, with all the forms that can secure the ends of justice. If he enters public life, and offends the Sultan, he bowstrings him without warning and without trial. But the man knows when he enters public life and avows himself a servant, that he takes the risk of the bowstring; and if he is not willing to accept the condition, let him stay in private life. The man, then, who does not wish his speech in the Senate to be criticized, let him keep silent in the Senate, or, better still, stay at home (applause and hisses). I reject with becoming scorn the pusillanimous apology of an American citizen, who makes excuses for criticizing any Senator of the United States, upon whose opinions hang your safety and mine, whose judgment and whose creed makes my title-deed and yours more or less valuable, whose conduct honors or degrades our land.

So, too, of the clergy. If a man undertakes to be a public teacher, he must submit to public criticism. His words are big with the fate of your future and mine. They are to shape the streets in which we live, color the atmosphere of public opinion in the midst of which we exist, and therefore he can have no reasonable excuse for not allowing us to criticize his teaching and hold him up to public approbation or public contempt. This is the law of the life which we live. We live in a government of ideas. Statute-books are the talk of the streets, but they are nothing without a warm, living, vital opinion close behind them. In Massachusetts a colored man may serve on a jury. It is the statute. But I would like to see Barnum hunt up the man that ever saw one in a jury box in Boston (laughter). Why? Because there is not public opinion enough in the city to make that statute alive. In Charleston, S. C., you and I have a right to walk the streets and to speak what I am now speaking, by this much-lauded parchment, the Constitution of the United States. Why is not that a live privilege? Because there is no public opinion behind it.

Now, there are men who spend their lives in lauding the Constitution of the United States, which is merely the weather-cock on the steeple. I go for the wind (laughter and applause). I go for my government as it exists in the governing elements that make the character and history of the nation. I do not care, for any practical purpose, what Washington meant, what Jefferson anticipated, what John Adams thought he saw in the future. I suppose those men thought that they saw honest successors. In God's providence or rather in the devil's curse—Franklin Pierce has sat in their chair (great laughter). Away, then, with the dreams of Washington and Jefferson; here is the ugly fact—that is all I have got to do with.

Now why do we come together in such a meeting as this? We come in the democratic model city of the West; we come to attack the system of chattel slavery. All about us, steeples kiss the heavens, proclaiming to the man who approaches your city from the East, This claims to be a Christian land. Every newspaper vaunts it as the consummate flower of self-governing, educated man. You land from abroad, bringing in your right hand the news that the despot of Russia, fearing assassination and riot, is striking off the fetters of countless millions of slaves. You bring in the other the record that Mohammedanism has stricken off the fetters of Egypt and Algiers, and disdains to let man be the property of man. You set down your foot in Democratic, Christian New York; You hear bruited in the streets the name of one conspicuous individual. Priests malign him as an infidel, and politicians leap into the saddle proclaiming him traitor. You ask his name; you ask his offences. His name is GARRISON, the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society (applause). In defiance of Moses Stuart, he has asserted that the Bible makes neither a slaveholder nor a slave. In defiance of the Irish renegade who heads your bar, he denies that the doctrine of human bondage is the cement of Union (applause). Then men turn round and say, "Why don't you respect the Christian churches?" (Laughter.) I think it is a miracle which future ages will puzzle their brains to account for, how evangelical religion, as it is called, retains the shadow of decent respect for anybody loaded down with the Tract Society and *The New York Independent* (applause). I marvel at the patient and willing faith that stands meek-eyed and with folded arms before the recreant Church, and waits to see what good deed shall blossom upon its granite and bloody surface.

A brother who spoke last night said we must make a distinction between the visible and the invisible Church. All I know is, if there be any Christian Church among us, it is indeed sublimely invisible (laughter and applause). And is the Church any worse than anything else? Not a bit. Is the Church any different from anything else? Not a bit. It is only a chameleon. And that reminds me of that exquisite illustration of Humboldt, who said that the chameleon was the only animal that could keep one eye up to heaven and the other down on earth. Said he, "It is just like a priest" (laughter). Now, when we read the word "priest," we imagine he lives afar off, on seven hills, and gives the world warning by three crowns set on his head—"I am the Pope, beware of me." Oh, no; you will find him snugly ensconced in every New England town; with no warning triple crown on his brow, but proclaiming Presbyterianism or Congregationalism, and receiving late on Saturday night from the rich manufactory that overshadows his sanctuary the text from which he is to preach the next morning (laughter and applause).

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will go home and say this is fanaticism. Well, if it is, it is plainly this: you may go up and down thirty States, and you will find it a patent fact that the religious sentiment represented by the voluntary church system of our empire, reflects the average sentiment of the commercial and mercantile enterprise of its neighborhood. How comes it? It is because ministers are men; no better and no worse. I am not here to blame them for being weak, but that being weak they pretend to be strong. As Burke said, among the catacombs of Paris, "I do not blame corpses for being dead, it is only when they come up above ground and claim to be alive that I blame them" (laughter). The American Church cannot help representing the commercial and mercantile activity of the people. I blame them not for that, but for deceiving the public mind; for claiming to be teachers, above the level on which they really stand; for claiming to represent the New Testament and the mind of Christ.

In a country like ours, of universal suffrage, with a keen edge of the appetite for material gain—in a newly-planted, fresh empire—it is almost inevitable that the greatest mind, the most active energy, the overwhelming and influential intellect, shall be drifted in the channel of material effort and success—commerce, money-making, the conquest of nations and of the material world. In other words, gain, money-making, is the polar star of the American mind. It absorbs the ripest, strongest intellect. We have neither literature nor pulpit, nor have we statesmanship or politics, that can get out of the maelstrom of Wall street. If it is so, why not say it? That it is so, every observing man must see. You have only to walk into any of the smaller towns, manufacturing or agricultural, and you can pick out six or eight wealthy men—strong-minded, strong-willed men—who give the tone and character to the public opinion, and to what is called the religious position of that town. And I shame to say it—for I trace my lineage over an unbroken line of pulpits—I shame to say it—for I know the place which Calvinism and Orthodoxy have held in the history of the Saxon world—but it is true, nevertheless, and somebody ought to say it, that the pulpit of New England and the Northern States has become but the servant of the broker and the kitchen of the factory (applause).

Now, I know very well the odium which such an assertion will bring upon the speaker; but, my dear friends, men are of infinitesimally little consequence. We are making a road, and God calls you and me to be the timber and the granite to fill up the void, that over us, in some sunny future, the triumphant multitude may walk in the exulting procession. Scarred and odious—

> "For not unmarred with struggles hard,
> Wax the soul's sinews strong"—

scarred and odious, that is the service that we can render to our times; pioneers, to become unsightly by hard work, and then make the road over which easy and loved triumph passes to its throne.

You have all been reading lately the last work, and, they say, the greatest, of American romance—something that has almost the flavor of Shakspeare—written by a wanderer from our own soil, bathed in the free glad light of Europe and classic lands—I mean the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne. Now, see the gross, heartless ignorance or indifference that pervades what you may call the poetic, belles-lettres, literary culture of an American, snatched from the thick atmosphere and prejudices of his own land, and wandering under the comparatively warm and light sky of European life. Mr. Hawthorne apologizes for laying his scene in Italy in this way: "Blame me not for leaving America, and finding my scene in Italy. No author, without a trial, can conceive the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque or gloomy wrong." From Italy, where every mother owns her babe, where every father may protect his daughter's virtue, he looks back to the country where every sixth man is a slave, and there are neither fathers nor mothers, sisters nor brothers, and he sees "no shadow, no picturesque or gloomy wrong." He could see Massachusetts men launching their gay steamer from the port of Charleston, glad and buoyant; and he could see struggling up from starvation in the dungeon of the ship's hold, a brave, unlucky son of God's hand, twice as much entitled to liberty as any gay, shouting Democrat upon the deck, because he was born as free as they, and because he had, beside, a second title to his liberty, by braving death to gain it (applause). He could see the white and jewelled hands of patent Democrats seize that man, reverse their steamer's course, and, with Massachusetts democracy for their banner, plunge him back into the hell of the Carolinas ("shame, shame"), but here was not "gloomy wrong" enough for "romance," nothing but "common-place prosperity"!

Cicero, half murdered on the floor of the Senate by a drunken Catiline; statesmen buying coward bread in office by dastardly silence, and vociferating "Great is the Union!" in voices thick with blood; pulpits declaring that "God Almighty is a slaveholder"; women standing in front of Christian altars, and begging to be bought of their own parents, as the only means Christian men have to save them from a fate worse than death; the public squares of half of [illegible] asunder at the auction-block; no one of our fair rivers that has not closed over the negro, seeking in death a refuge from a life too wretched to bear; thousands of fugitives skulking along our highways, afraid to tell their names, and trembling at the sight of a human being; free men kidnapped in our streets to be plunged into that hell of slavery, and now and then one, as if by miracle, after long years, returning to make men aghast with his tale; men flying for their lives, having dared to speak for liberty in the tongue that Milton used; no State, in half the empire, that has not seen its sky lurid with the fire of burning men; yet in all this our romancer sees only "a common-place prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, in his dear native land"!!! And this is the American Shakspeare! too morbid, mark you, and gloomy in his temperament and fictions to be generally a favorite!! This is that skilful anatomist of the human heart who has anatomized four millions of slaves and twenty-five millions of hypocrites, and finds only "common-place prosperity," and most unromantic "daylight"!

I would fain deem Mr. Hawthorne no "fawning greyhound," but only an ignorant American, indifferent to slavery, and superciliously ignorant of the movement to abolish it. But that is hardly a possible hypothesis. Did he not write Franklin Pierce's life for a Consulship?

Now, to turn to politics: Mr. Seward is to vault into the Presidency; the horse is high and he is short (laughter). "What [illegible]?" says the New Yorker, representing the religion and the morality of the Empire State, the glad, proud hope of nine millions of free men, waited for like the star from the east, fresh from broken Senate-houses and prostrate ruins of wrecked republics, which had gone down to their graves ignorant of what government owes to man. "What shall I make my horse-block, to leap into the Presidential saddle of thirty millions of Christians? The gibbet of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry ['Shame, shame']. I will steal a plank from the cross of the nineteenth century, and make it my stair to the devil's throne" [hisses]. Well, didn't he do it? [Voices: "No, no."] Didn't he do it? I said we never criticize a man for anything of which he is not proud. We have never painted a picture since I was an abolitionist; but when a man paints himself, and exhibits his colossal proportions, we stand like the humble showman in the menagerie, and say, "This is a doctor of divinity;" and then his friends cry out, "How unchristian you are!" [Laughter.] A statesman makes a speech, and we quote it, and his friends say, "Malignant philanthropy!" Well, I don't make the speech. My friend said just now that the Bible was an agitator, and you hissed him. You can't get rid of history. You might as well come here a thousand strong and resolve that the laws of gravity don't exist. New York is very strong, young America is very potent; but then, because you are virtuous, shall there be no cakes and ale? [Laughter.] You were shocked, and some few of you hissed, when I said that Mr. Seward was trying to vault into the Presidency on the horse-block gibbet of John Brown. If it is not true, why did he paint that scene at Charleston, and say of it, in the verdict known to history ever since Julius Cæsar, "*Jure cæsus*"—"Justly killed"? It is a historic verdict. The historian has recorded it of every tyrant and every enemy of the race that met his fate, "*Jure cæsus.*" Mr. Seward sets foot on America, trembling under the Christian tread of the first apostle of the Western continent, John Brown of Osawatomie [loud applause and hisses]. His hand is laid on the half-awakened conscience of the American people, and is about to baptize it into life, and availability requires of him the old verdict of despots, "*Jure cæsus*"—"He was justly hung." If he didn't say it in order to gain the Presidency—if he really believes it—God help him! he is worse than I thought. If he did it for a purpose, God help the people that demanded of their purest statesman that he should thus befoul his lip in order to be popular. One side or the other is the alternative: either sixty years of American life, flowering out into the noblest and ablest statesmanship that we can command at the present moment, really thinks that that murder at Charleston was a just sentence; or a vigilant statesman, knowing that compromise is the essence of politics—that a man in political life must not say what is true, but only what is agreeable—strikes the average of your justice and your humanity by professing to believe it in order to gain your votes [profound silence]. Accept which alternative you please, but there is the index, the very best we can have, of the mind of the American people. Who made it what it is? Your press and your pulpit. Outside of that press and that pulpit, therefore, there must be agitation. If ever this slavery question is to be dealt with, I acknowledge, as every thoughtful man must, that no man with Chicago in his eye would dare to say anything else; I acknowledge that for even the ghost of a chance of availability, some man must go down on to his knees on that very question. You know it—I know it; and this meeting is held to-night, not to free the black man of the Carolinas, but to achieve for Wm. H. Seward, and those like him, the liberty to speak what they think [loud applause]. I am a mouse, and he is a lion; but a mouse gnawed the net that held the lion [applause]; and we are here to-night to tear down with our fingers this network of contemptible politics and craven orthodoxy in which Wm. H. Seward lies enchained [applause].

Now, in order to do that, like every man who goes out into the wilderness, like every man who is the herald and the pioneer of an unpopular truth, of course we must trample on your prejudices, we must use language that grates on your feelings, we must sacrifice our own reputations, we must pass for fanatics. Nothing else is possible. You will abuse me, you will dislike me, but the seed that my friend and I plant in your hearts to-night, five years hence will mellow and mould your sentiments. It has done it. In 1839, Henry Clay made a speech, twin brother to Mr. Seward's. He thought he had made the best bid for the Presidency. It was a bid for the pit, and he entered it (a hiss, and a voice, "Served him right"). No, don't hiss him. What is man before the million? Henry Clay mistook the American people, judging them from his own heart. He uttered a base thought. He said that that was property which the law made property. He said that the God-created soul could be bought at auction, and he thought the American people stood on the same level as himself. But our fanatic President (Mr. Garrison) had lifted them up a wee bit in the moral thermometer, and they said, "Harry, my man, you are a day too late" (applause). Now, I am sorry for Mr. Clay. I would have been perfectly willing he should have been President; but I am glad for the American people, who had outgrown him. And I should be sorry if Mr. Seward—learned, pure, of a noble ambition, with a heart, I believe, in the right place—should never sit in the President's chair; but if he misses it because he has gone lower than the American people require, and they trample over him as they walk up to Jerusalem, I shall bless God for the health of the nation, though I regret his defeat (applause). Chatham said that if America went free, George III. might not lose his crown, but it "would not be worth the wearing." He who seeks the Presidency by sanctioning the murder of John Brown at Charlestown may not lose it, but by that base admission he will make it not worth the holding.

We are going to hold a meeting, a night or two hence, in behalf of Thaddeus Hyatt (applause). We are going to try to throw into this cauldron of Ameri-

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*It will be remembered that Mr. Cushing, in the Charleston Convention, cast his vote steadily, through 150 ballots, for Jefferson Davis, which was the only vote that gentleman received.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TO VOTE, OR NOT TO VOTE.

THE quadrennial epidemic is upon us. The American mania for voting is now, for six months, to take precedence of everything else. Every department of the real welfare of the nation is, for the time, to be held subordinate to the triumph of party. Telegraphic messages and extra newspapers will abound. Delegations, processions, public dinners, speeches of congratulation and reciprocation, plots and counterplots, will be the order of the day, and of the night too. The majority of the male population (women possess the advantage, at election time, of having one temptation and one danger less than men) will find their chief interest in the success of "our party, right or wrong." And after six months of agitation and turmoil, of active breaking-out of that corrupt humor which always exists within our body politic, of unscrupulous promises, tricky bargains, compromise, falsehood and bribery, the end of the whole matter will be the election of a new administration pledged to the support of slavery in our Southern States, and this equally, whether success be to the Democrats or the Republicans.

If all this earnest zeal and labor were in behalf of freedom—if it were to secure, or to maintain, a liberty spreading "throughout the land," and embracing "all [illegible] if it were to do the peculiar work so needed by our nation at the present time that it might, not inappropriately, be called "the one thing needful," namely, the formation of a constitutional basis of government not only providing for, but imperatively requiring, the maintenance of freedom among all classes, and no more making a side-wise, clandestine provision for the continuance of slavery than for that of forgery or burglary—such zeal and labor would be well expended. *This* object calls for, *this* purpose imperatively requires, unremitted energy of exertion on the part of all of us, until it shall be realized.

Slavery, even apart from its injustice and cruelty to the slaves, is working so rapid a deterioration in every department of the true welfare of our nation, that it is no exaggeration to say that the people of the United States would do well to turn away from every other occupation and interest, and concentrate their energies upon its utter abolition, until not a slave should be left in the country, and until the attempt at reënslavement, the claim of property in a human being, should be described by our Constitution and laws, as it is in fact, as one of the greatest of crimes. This would be the thing next best to a voluntary, immediate emancipation of the slaves by the slaveholders.

But, since the insane desperation of the Slave Power renders these two solutions equally out of the question, the same statement may be made of the interest and duty of the Northern States, or of such portion of them as have their eyes opened to the vast extent and rapid increase of the evil in question. The Northern States, or any particular portion of them (say New England) could not do better for their future welfare than to concentrate their whole energies, first upon breaking away from their present connection with slavery, and next upon establishing a Constitutional basis of Government, and a framework of laws, which shall not only guard, with intensest precaution, against any allowance of slavery, but which shall really "establish justice," really "promote the general welfare," and really "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." All the branches of useful industry would make a progress so much less interrupted, and so much more satisfactory, after this great object should have been accomplished, that the gain of such a transfer of strength and labor would unspeakably exceed the loss.

Proofs are abundant of this urgent necessity for the devotion of *all* our energies to this work of escape from complicity with the sin, and subjection to the evils, of slavery. To glance only at one of them: it is getting to be more and more the rule, instead of the frequent exception, that Northern men, travelling or residing in Southern States, should be treated with insolence and outrage; that depredations should be made on their property; that their rights of free speech and locomotion should be wantonly suppressed; and that not only insult, but the grossest violence, should be inflicted on their persons. The number and the extent of these outrages* has become perfectly astounding. If one tenth part of them had been so committed and so persevered in by England, France or Russia, we should now be engaged in war with the offender. Are we to submit to such things indefinitely because they are perpetrated by "sister States," without even making an effort to remove the obvious cause?

Abolitionists will still be asked, as they have been in all previous elections, which candidate they think least exceptionable, and whether they will not vote, this once, if not for love of the half-and-half "Republican" candidate, at least in opposition to the pro-slavery "Democratic" one. The answer to these questions remains now, just as heretofore—Abolitionists have nothing to do with candidates until a proper Constitutional basis is formed for the administration of the government. They don't want *anybody* to carry out the purposes of the present Constitution! If the *word* slavery is not there, the *thing* is. We must remove those parts of the Constitution which have rendered the continuance of slavery possible. We must so far change it that no slaveholder will care to appeal to any part of it, or find, from beginning to end, even a chance for a misconstruction that shall authorize slavery. If the present enormous growth of that sin, evil, crime, abomination, sum of all villanies, comes from misinterpretation of the Constitution, let us take away every part liable to such misinterpretation. Let us have no part left that *may*, by the remotest possibility, authorize the continuance or the renewal of slaveholding.

When we get a Constitution thus purified, it will be time to talk of the right persons to administer it. At present, the change we have indicated is, politically speaking, our "one thing needful."

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* See "The New Reign of Terror in the Slaveholding States, for 1859–60:" a compilation of the outrages of this sort which have been committed, and have been published in Southern newspapers, since John Brown's enterprise at Harper's Ferry.

THE PULPIT OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Brooklyn, was occupied on Sunday last (the pastor, Rev. H. W. Beecher, being absent,) by the Rev. Hubbard Winslow, formerly of the Bowdoin Street Church, Boston. Mr. Winslow is an apologist for slavery from the Bible, and a supporter of the Fugitive Slave law—as Southern in his sympathies, in fact, as Southside Adams himself! At the time of Lovejoy's martyrdom, in 1837, he preached a sermon virtually justifying his murderers and attributing his death to his own imprudence! Plymouth Church is often pointed at as an example of what an anti-slavery Church should be; but this is not the first time that pro-slavery ministers have preached from its pulpit.

HISTORY OF ST. DOMINGO.—Mr. William S. Draper, of Washington, D. C., is about to publish a new work entitled: "Truth Proclaimed! Negroes can Rule Themselves! The Falsehood of their Opponents Rebuked! History of St. Domingo, to the Establishment of its Independence; with Addenda, showing the condition of the Island." Price 10 cents per copy; $8 per hundred.

Of the character of this work we are unable to speak, not having seen any part of it, and knowing nothing of the author; but if it proves to be worthy of its subject, we shall take pleasure in commending it to our readers.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE "Irrepressible Conflict" between Freedom and Slavery has absorbed the attention of this body during the past week, and created much excitement among the people of Buffalo. As our readers are not all familiar with the Methodist Discipline, we will explain, as clearly as we can, the questions at issue.

It is declared in the General Rules of the Church that "there is only one condition required of those who desire admission" to the Methodist Societies, viz.: "a desire to flee from the wrath to come." This desire, however, it is said, will "be shown by its fruits," by the avoidance of certain specified evils and the performance of certain specified moral duties. Among the evils to be avoided is this:

"*The buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them.*"

This has been understood merely as a restriction of the traffic in slaves, not as excluding slaveholders, as such, from the Church. Standing among the General Rules, and being a condition of membership, it can be altered only by a concurrent vote of two-thirds of the members of a *General* Conference and three-fourths of the travelling preachers in all the *Annual* Conferences.

Then there is what is called the "Chapter on Slavery," as follows:

Question. What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

Answer 1. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery: therefore no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church hereafter, where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.

2. When any travelling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves, conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives.

3. All our preachers shall prudently enforce upon our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God; and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine service.

This, it will be seen, only applies to the travelling preachers, leaving local preachers and private members of the Church free to buy, sell, or hold slaves, except so far as they are restricted by the "General Rule" above quoted. This chapter may be amended by the vote of a majority of a General Conference; but it is declared by the Bishops and other official administrators of the Discipline, that any amendment of this chapter, with a view to exclude slaveholders as such, or even *mercenary* slaveholders, from the Church, would be a violation of the "General Rule" aforesaid, and therefore unconstitutional and inoperative. In other words, it is held that slavery cannot be excluded from the Methodist Episcopal Church except by the concurrent vote of two-thirds of the members of a General Conference and three-fourths of the members of all the Annual Conferences. Some members of the anti-slavery party dispute this construction, but it is practically the law of the Church, as expounded by the Bishops and not yet overruled by the General Conference. The pro-slavery party, therefore, though a minority, has the power to shield slavery from the assaults of its opponents, and it is disposed to make the most of this advantage.

When the General Conference assembled recently in Buffalo, the whole subject was referred to a large Committee. Memorials in favor of anti-slavery changes in the Discipline were presented from 46,000 members of the Church, against any change, from 4,999. The strongest opponents of change, however, did not deem it worth while to petition, the records of their Annual Conferences expressing their sentiments.

The majority of the Committee presented a Report, setting forth their opinions of slavery in the following terms:

"The enslavement from generation to generation of human beings guilty of no crime, is what no man has a right to desire for himself or his posterity; and what no man ever did or can desire. The constant liability of the forcible separation of husbands and wives, of parents and children, even in the mildest forms of slavery, is a state of things from which every enlightened mind desires to be free. The impediments which slavery interposes in the way of the observance of the conjugal and parental relations, depriving the parents from governing and educating their children, and the children from honoring and obeying their parents, as God has commanded, is a state of things condemned alike by the Bible, and all enlightened conscience, and from which the heart's holiest aspirations struggle to be free. The sacredness and inviolability of the marriage covenant is one of the corner stones of Christian civilization. Slavery as it exists in the United States is fundamentally at war with this most ancient and sacred institution. What should we desire, and have a right to desire, if we were in the place of the injured party? This is the measure of our duty.

"A system which converts a human being into merchandize, which denies a man the rights of property, of family, of 'liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' and generally of the power to read the record which God has given for the regulation of all human conduct, is a state of things in which no intelligent and right-minded person ever did or can desire to be placed.

"In reference to all these, as to all other conditions of human wrong, the solemn mandate comes down from heaven: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.' God has laid the foundation of religious education in the family relationships. His claims upon us find their readiest response where the honor and obedience due to parents are properly inculcated. The obligation to love God because he first loved us, finds its strongest response where the tenderness and affection breathed upon childhood, by its divinely-constituted guardians, prepare the young heart for this high duty. The strongest terms by which the indissoluble affection subsisting between God and his Church is expressed in Scripture, are taken from the parental and conjugal relationships. The inimitable Prayer commencing, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' is a further recognition of the same thing.

"What then must be the religious effect of an institution which tramples these sacred relationships in the dust?

"In short, there is not, in our judgment, one distinctive attribute of chattel slavery, which is not incompatible with the Golden Rule."

Slavery, it will be seen, is here spoken of as a *system*. Individual *slaveholding* is not declared to be a sin. On the contrary, in another part of the Report, the Committee say:

"We do not affirm that the holding of a slave is, under all circumstances, sinful; nor is the buying or selling. Otherwise it would be wrong to purchase a slave to free him. And the moral right to purchase a slave to free him, involves, also, the moral right to hold the legal relation of owner to that slave until the benevolent intention of freeing can be carried into execution. So when, owing to whatever circumstances, the immediate sundering of the legal relation would be manifestly a greater injury to the slave than its temporary continuance, and when the evident intention is to give freedom at the earliest practicable moment, such an act of holding is not only not wrong but it may be a duty. It is something necessary to be done in order to confer permanent freedom upon the person so held. In such a case the holder is not released from the obligation to give unto the servant 'that which is just and equal,' and to guard with the most religious care the sacred and divine rights of the conjugal and parental relationships, and to see by all means that such legal provisions as are practicable shall be made to prevent such persons and their posterity from passing into perpetual slavery."

The subtlety of Satan is in this paragraph. It is the "fly" in the Committee's "ointment," which makes it send forth a "stinking savor" in the nostrils of every uncompromising foe of slavery. The "sum of all villanies" may find safe shelter in the Methodist Church forever, if its opponents continue to stultify themselves by thus making a warm nest for it under the horns of the altar.

The majority Report concludes as follows:

"From the foregoing considerations it appears to us that the General Rule should in plain words embody the honest doctrine of the Church, as well on the subject of *slaveholding* as on that of the slave traffic. If the traffic for mercenary and selfish purposes should be condemned, so also should the holding. And if, as is almost universally admitted among us, the *spirit* of the Rule condemns mercenary and selfish slaveholding, then why may we not clothe this *spirit* in a visible *body*, and insert the word holding in our present rule, subject to the same discriminating clause as the buying and selling? Such a Rule would read, 'The buying, selling, or holding of men, women or children with an intention to enslave them.' This we think is only embodying in plain language the true doctrine of our church on the subject.

* * * * * * * *

"We therefore recommend for adoption the following resolutions:

"1. Resolved, By the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences, in General Conference assembled, that we recommend the amendment of the General Rule on slavery, so that it shall read: 'The buying, selling, or holding of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them.'

"2. Resolved, That we recommend the suspension of the 4th Restrictive Rule for the purpose set forth in the foregoing Resolution.

"3. Resolved, By the Delegates of the several Annual Conferences, in General Conference assembled, that the following be, and hereby is, substituted in the place of the present Seventh Chapter on Slavery.

"*Question:*—What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of Slavery?

"*Answer:*—We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of Slavery. We believe that the buying, selling or holding of human beings as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us, to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We, therefore, affectionately admonish all our preachers and people; keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means.

"C. KINGSLEY, Chairman.

"B. F. CRARY, Secretary."

The reader will see the exact force of the changes here proposed by comparing the new rule and the new chapter with the old ones as given above. The effort, it will be seen, is merely to prohibit mercenary and selfish slaveholding, *benevolent* and pious slaveholding being assumed to be innocent. How "full of all subtlety and mischief" is this doctrine!

This Report is not satisfactory to the genuine anti-slavery sentiment in the Church. *The Northern Independent*, representing that sentiment, says:

"The majority Report is by no means satisfactory to us. If it should pass the Conference—of which there is little probability—it will amount to nothing. It conditions everything on the Restrictive Rule process. The proposed action in the chapter is simply the substitution of a pious exhortation for the weak and worthless directions contained in the chapter as it now stands. We presume such an amendment can be made, as it will require only a majority vote, but when made, it will be of no use—for neither prospectively nor retrospectively does it prohibit slaveholding. What is done by way of altering the General Rule, is about the same as was proposed four years ago, and will be likely to meet with about the same success, that is to say, it will receive a majority, but not a two-thirds vote. This action, if nothing more is done, may be set down as a complete failure; it will not advance us a single step beyond where we were four years ago.

"The true course was abundantly plain, and if the slavery Committee had been made up of the right material, the Report of the majority would have instantly assumed the only consistent shape—that of express, unqualified prohibition in the chapter. Declining all circumlocution in dealing with so fearful a crime, the Committee would have said peremptorily, and at once, let slavery cease from the M. E. Church forever. Anything short of this is mere trifling. We may call the subject delicate, important, perplexing, or whatever else we please, but it will not alter the case, nor justify a moderate, softly style of treatment. In touching slavery, we touch a crime, and we must deal with it precisely as we deal with any other high crime. It is the constant forgetfulness of this all-important fact that makes the most of our anti-slavery action disgustingly tame. We evince no just appreciation of the guilt of slaveholding. Hence, the slow and feeble pace of our movements for extirpation. Did we view the enormity in its true light, we should be no more embarrassed with this question than with any other gross, deadly sin. So far as the action of the Committee is concerned, the thing we feared has come to pass—the moderates have again carried the day, and got a Report utterly worthless. It is barely possible for the Conference to remedy the evil, but we have no hope in this direction. A General Conference is an unlikely body to step beyond its committees, or inaugurate any bold measure; the men who might do such a thing, if at liberty, are effectually trammeled by a host who will do nothing. Hence, the Conference, for all reformatory purposes, is a rope of sand."

The minority oppose all change. They say that the action proposed by the majority "will very greatly embarrass and cripple, if it does not altogether destroy our Church in the slaveholding States and along the Border"; that it "would involve a loss of position and influence in slaveholding territory, by the most decidedly anti-slavery Church among the larger denominations of the land, which it might require many long years to regain"; that it "would operate most disastrously upon the interests of the country"; (!!) that it "would enfeeble the prestige and moral power of the whole Church, by the strifes and divisions that may ensue, which will greatly incapacitate her for the performance of that grand work, both at home and abroad, to which God in his providence is now so evidently calling her, in this the opening of the second century of her history, and in which, if her resources and influence are properly husbanded and guarded, she may achieve so eminent and glorious a success." They therefore recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

"1. Resolved, That the M. E. Church has in good faith, in all the periods of its history, proposed to itself the question 'What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?' and it has never ceased, openly and before the world, to bear its testimony against the sin, and to exercise its disciplinary powers to the end that its members might be kept unspotted from criminal connection with the system, and that the evil itself be removed from among men.

"2. Resolved, That any change of our Discipline upon the subject of slavery, in the present highly-excited condition of the country, would accomplish no good whatever, but on the contrary would seriously disturb the peace of the Church, and would be especially disastrous to our ministers and members in the slave States.

"3. Resolved, That the Committee on the Pastoral Address be instructed to state our position in relation to slavery and to give such counsel to our Churches as may be suited to the necessities of the case.

"JOHN S. PORTER, Chairman.

"P. COOMBE, Secretary."

The issues thus presented fall so far short of the requisitions of a pure Christianity that the vote of the General Conference upon them will be important only as it may serve to indicate the progress or decline of the anti-slavery sentiment in the Church.

The discussion opened on the 25th ult., and is not yet concluded. Able speeches have been made on both sides, but we have no room now for particulars, except to say that the Conference voted on the first resolution of the majority—the one proposing an alteration of the General Rule—on Monday last, with the following result: Ayes 138, Noes 74. This is a decided majority, but falling short of two-thirds, the amendment is of course lost. The new chapter, fairly characterized in the report of the Minority as "*intended only as a declaration of sentiment*," and which can have no disciplinary force whatever, will probably pass, and be used during the next four years by unscrupulous Methodist ministers to quiet agitation and prove that the Church is anti-slavery. Meanwhile the Methodists on the Border will continue to buy, sell, breed and hold slaves exactly as before!

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

OUR columns have been so crowded for some weeks that we have been unable to pay attention to some matters of interest, among which we may mention the proceedings of the American Tract Society at its late anniversary. We advert to the matter now merely to put on record certain facts, which may possibly be important for future reference. At the business meeting of the Society, Rev. Samuel Wolcott, of Chicago, submitted the following resolutions:

Whereas, This Society in 1857, on recommendation of the Committee of Fifteen, adopted a resolution affirming that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in its publications, and its declaration still stands in full force: therefore,

Resolved, That the reasons which urge to such discussion do remain, and now press upon the Society with accumulated weight.

Whereas, This Society in its last annual meeting declared that "it has no doubt in relation to the sin of the African slave trade, or the great wickedness of reviving that iniquitous system in any form," and, Whereas, During the past year evidence has accumulated, until the fact has become notorious and flagrant, that this accursed traffic has been reopened by vessels sailing from various parts of this country, therefore,

Resolved, That the publication or republication of suitable tracts, setting forth the iniquity of the African slave trade, would meet the warm approbation of the Society.

Mr. Wolcott made a speech in support of these resolutions, after which there was a struggle for the floor, which the chairman (W. A. [illegible], a hunker Democrat, of Princeton, N. J.) awarded to the Rev. Mr. Lee (Ref. Dutch), of Brooklyn, who moved the following resolutions as an amendment:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Society, the opening of German lager-beer saloons upon the Sabbath is contrary to the law and to the Gospel of God, and that there are many practices in New York and Brooklyn, and many parts of New England, deserving our disapproval and hearty condemnation.

Resolved, That the Executive Committee of this Society be directed to prepare and publish documents that may be presented to the [illegible] denunciatory of the evils of Abolitionism (loud laughter and applause).

Ex-Judge Greene C. Bronson (hunker Democrat) thereupon moved that the Society adjourn, and the motion was carried by a large majority. Comment is needless.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington Street*, Boston.

MR. LINCOLN'S PRO-SLAVERY OPINIONS.

THE nomination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN as the Republican candidate for President has awakened a general desire among Abolitionists for authentic information respecting his views of slavery and questions related thereto. It is known, of course, that he is a Republican, and therefore opposed to the extension of slavery; but whether he belongs to the Radical or the so-called Conservative wing of the party—whether, in other words, he approves or loathes the Fugitive Slave law—whether he is for admitting the Blacks to their full rights as citizens, or for treating them as a separate *caste*, is not generally known, at least in this part of the country. We propose, therefore, to enlighten our readers on these points.

We have before us a pamphlet, entitled "Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, in the celebrated Campaign of 1858, in Illinois; including the preceding Speeches of each, at Chicago, Springfield, etc.; also the two great Speeches of Mr. Lincoln in Ohio, in 1859, as carefully prepared by the Reporters of each party, and published at the times of their delivery." The preface contains a letter from Mr. Lincoln, in reply to one from the Republican State Central Committee of Ohio requesting of him copies of his speeches for publication in "authentic and permanent form," in which, under date Dec. 19, 1859, he says: "I transmit you the copies. The copies I send you are as reported and printed by the respective friends of Senator Douglas and myself, at the time—that is, his by his friends, and mine by mine. It would be an unwarrantable liberty for us to change a word or a letter in his, and the changes I have made in mine, you perceive, are verbal only, and very few in number. I wish the reprint to be precisely as the copies I send, without any comment whatever."

As the debates recorded in this pamphlet relate almost exclusively to the question of slavery, and as Mr. Lincoln undoubtedly won the Presidential nomination by the part he took in them, we may expect to find therein a fair and deliberate statement of his opinions on every phase of this great subject.

Premising that Mr. Lincoln habitually speaks of slavery as a moral and political evil, and contends that the National Government ought to prevent its extension to new Territory, and that he displays great ability as well as candor in exposing the fallacies and sophistries of his antagonist, we shall present extracts from his speeches containing his opinions upon matters in respect to which he differs not only from Abolitionists, but from the radical wing of the Republican party.

POLITICAL DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE BLACKS.

In his speech at Ottawa, Ill., August 21, 1858, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and the black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position."

Again, on the 18th of September, 1858, at Charleston, Ill., Mr. Lincoln said:

"I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races—that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together, there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race."

Again, in a subsequent speech on the same day, in the same place, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Judge Douglas has said to you that he has not been able to get from me an answer to the question whether I am in favor of negro citizenship. So far as I know, the Judge never asked me the question before. He shall have no occasion to ever ask it again, for I tell him very frankly that I am not in favor of negro citizenship. * * * My opinion is that the different States have the power to make a negro a citizen under the Constitution of the United States if they choose. The Dred Scott decision decides that they have not that power. If the State of Illinois had that power I should be opposed to the exercise of it."

That we may do Mr. Lincoln no injustice, we add, that while he thus avows his opposition to allowing the negro to become a citizen, he declares that "there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I hold," he continues, "that he is as much entitled to these as the white man."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

At Freeport, Ill., August 27, 1858, Senator Douglas said: "I wish to know whether Lincoln to-day stands, as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave law?" To which Mr. Lincoln responded:

"I do not now, nor ever did, stand in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave law."

Again, on the same occasion, Mr. Lincoln said:

"In regard to the Fugitive Slave law, I have never hesitated to say, and I do not now hesitate to say, that I think, under the Constitution of the United States, the people of the Southern States are entitled to a Congressional Fugitive Slave law. Having said that, I have had nothing to say in regard to the existing Fugitive Slave law, further than that I think it should have been framed so as to be free from some of the objections that pertain to it, without lessening its efficiency. And, inasmuch as we are not now in an agitation in regard to an alteration or modification of that law, I would not be the man to introduce it as a new subject of agitation upon the general question of slavery."

Again, at Jonesboro, Ill., September 15, 1858, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Let me ask you why many of us who are opposed to slavery upon principle, give our acquiescence to a Fugitive Slave law? Why do we hold ourselves under obligations to pass such a law, and abide by it when it is passed? Because the Constitution makes provision that the owners of slaves shall have the right to reclaim them. It gives the right to reclaim slaves, and that right is, as Judge Douglas says, a barren right, unless there is legislation to enforce it. The mere declaration, 'No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due,' is powerless without specific legislation to enforce it. Now, on what ground would a member of Congress who is opposed to slavery in the abstract, vote for a Fugitive law, as I would deem it my duty to do? Because there is a constitutional right which needs legislation to enforce it. And although it is distasteful to me, I have sworn to support the Constitution, and having so sworn, I cannot conceive that I do support it if I withhold from that right any necessary legislation to make it practical."

Again, at Alton, October 15, 1858, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I suppose most of us, (I know it of myself,) believe that the people of the Southern States are entitled to a Congressional Fugitive Slave law—that is a right fixed in the Constitution. But it cannot be made available to them without Congressional legislation. In the Judge's language, it is a 'barren right' which needs legislation before it can become efficient and valuable to the persons to whom it is guaranteed. And as the right is constitutional, I agree that the legislation shall be granted to it—and that not that we like the institution of slavery. We profess to have no taste for running and catching niggers—at least I profess no taste for that job at all. Why then do I yield support to a Fugitive Slave law? Because I do not understand that the Constitution, which guarantees that right, can be supported without it."

ADMISSION OF NEW SLAVE STATES.

In the Freeport debate, August 27, 1858, Mr. Douglas said: "I desire Mr. Lincoln to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, even if the people want them?" To which Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I do not now, or ever did, stand pledged against the admission of any more slave States into the Union."

Again, on the same occasion, in further explanation of his views upon this point, he said:

"In regard to the question, of whether I am pledged to the admission of any more slave States into the Union, I state to you very frankly that I would be exceedingly sorry ever to be put in a position of having to pass upon that question. I should be exceedingly glad to know that there would never be another slave State admitted into the Union; but I must add that, if slavery shall be kept out of the Territories during the territorial existence of any one given Territory, and then the people shall, having a fair chance and a clear field, when they come to adopt the Constitution, do such an extraordinary thing as to adopt a slave Constitution, uninfluenced by the actual presence of the institution among them, I see no alternative, if we own the country, but to admit them into the Union."

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

At Freeport, August 29, 1858, Mr. Douglas said: "I want to know whether Mr. Lincoln stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia?" To which Mr. Lincoln responded:

"I do not stand, to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia."

In further elucidation of his views, on the same occasion, he said:

"In regard to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, I have my mind very distinctly made up. I should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished in the District of Columbia. I believe that Congress possesses the constitutional power to abolish it. Yet as a member of Congress, I should not, with my present views, be in favor of endeavoring to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, unless it would be upon these conditions: First, that the abolition should be gradual; second, that it should be on a vote of the majority of qualified voters in the District; and third, that compensation should be made to unwilling owners. With these three conditions, I confess I would be exceedingly glad to see Congress abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and, in the language of Henry Clay, 'sweep from our Capital that foul blot upon our nation.'"

THE SLAVE TRADE BETWEEN THE STATES.

In the Freeport debate, August 27, 1858, Mr. Douglas said: "I desire Mr. Lincoln to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States?" To which Mr. Lincoln responded:

"I do not stand pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States."

In further elucidation of his views on this point, Mr. Lincoln said, on the same occasion:

"I must say here that, as to the question of the abolition of the slave trade between the different States, I can truly answer, as I have, that I am pledged to nothing about it. It is a subject to which I have not given that mature consideration that would make me feel authorized to state a position so as to hold myself entirely bound by it. In other words, that question has never been prominently enough before me to induce me to investigate whether we really have the constitutional power to do it. I could investigate it, if I had sufficient time to bring myself to a conclusion upon that subject; but I have not done so, and I say so frankly to you here, and to Judge Douglas. I must say, however, that if I should be of opinion that Congress does possess the constitutional power to abolish the slave trade among the different States, I should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power, unless upon some conservative principle, as I conceive it, akin to what I have said in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia."

EMANCIPATION AT THE SOUTH.

In the debate with Mr. Douglas at Ottawa, Ill., August 21, 1858, Mr. Lincoln cites several paragraphs from a speech made by himself at Peoria in 1854, or thereabouts. One of those paragraphs we copy, to show that Mr. Lincoln is opposed to the immediate emancipation of the slaves:

"When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it, in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do, as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia—to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me, that whatever of high hope, (as I think there is,) there may be in this, in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there are not surplus shipping and surplus money enough in the world to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate; yet the point is not clear enough to me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this; and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of white people will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment, is not the sole question, if, indeed, it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill-founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot, then, make them equals. It does seem to me that systems of gradual emancipation might be adopted; but for their tardiness in this, I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South."

We have not sought to give additional emphasis to these obnoxious sentiments of Mr. Lincoln by any sort of typographical display. They are printed just as they stand in the pamphlet authorized by himself.

And now we ask Abolitionists, before they expose themselves to the heats of the Presidential canvass, to consider, calmly and conscientiously, whether they can, without utter self-stultification, vote for a man who is opposed to allowing the negro the rights of citizenship, in favor of Congressional legislation for the capture of fugitive slaves, in favor of admitting new slave States to the Union, and opposed to the unqualified abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia and of the slave-trade between the States? Every ballot cast for him will be a ballot in favor of the Fugitive Slave law as it stands, and for its enforcement by the whole power of the National Government. Every such ballot will be a dagger aimed at the heart of the slave!

A LETTER FROM MR. SEWARD.

THE following letter, addressed by Mr. Seward to the gentlemen of the Central Republican Committee who invited him to attend a meeting to be held in this city to ratify the proceedings of the Chicago Convention, will be read with particular interest as an exhibition of his spirit under defeat.

AUBURN, May 21, 1860.

GENTLEMEN: I will not affect to conceal the sensibility with which I have received the letters in which you and so many other respected friends have tendered to me expressions of renewed and enduring confidence. These letters will remain with me as assurances in future years that, although I was not unwilling to await, even for another age, the vindication of my political principles, yet that they did nevertheless receive the generous support of many good, wise and patriotic men of my own time.

Such assurances, however made, under the circumstances now existing, derive their priceless value largely from the fact that they steal upon me through the channels of private correspondence, and altogether unknown to the world. You will at once perceive that such expressions would become painful to me, not justly offensive to the community, if they should be allowed to take on any public or conventional form of manifestation. For this reason, if it were respectful and consistent with your own public purposes, I would have delayed my reply to you until I could have had an opportunity of making it verbally next week on my way to Washington, after completing the arrangements for the repairs upon my dwelling here, rendered necessary by a recent fire.

The same reason determines me also to decline your kind invitation to attend the meeting in which you propose some demonstrations of respect to myself, while so justly considering the nominations which have been made by the recent National Convention at Chicago. At the same time, it is your right to have a frank and candid exposition of my own opinions and sentiments on that important subject.

My friends know very well that, while they have always generously made my promotion to public trusts their own exclusive care, mine has only been to execute them faithfully, so as to be able, at the close of their assigned terms, to resign them into the hands of the people without forfeiture of the public confidence. The presentation of my name to the Chicago Convention was thus their act, not mine. The disappointment, therefore, is their disappointment, not mine. It may have found them unprepared. On the other hand, I have no sentiment either of disappointment or discontent: for who, in any possible case, could, without presumption, claim that a great national party ought to choose him for its candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people? I find in the resolutions of the Convention a platform as satisfactory to me as if it had been framed with my own hands, and in the candidates adopted by it, eminent and able Republicans, with whom I have cordially cooperated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support.

I trust, moreover, that those with whom I have labored so long that common service in a noble cause has created between them and myself relations of personal friendship unsurpassed in the experience of political men, will indulge me in a confident belief that no sense of disappointment will be allowed by them to hinder or delay, or in any way embarrass, the progress of that cause to the consummation which is demanded by a patriotic regard to the safety and welfare of the country and the best interests of mankind.—I am, sincerely and respectfully, your friend and obedient servant.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

It is said to be Mr. Seward's fixed determination to retire from public life at the end of his present Senatorial term. It is not by any means likely, however, that he has resigned all hope of being elected to the Presidency. We hope that, before leaving his seat in the Senate, he will make a speech, on the slavery question, better worthy of himself and of his future fame than the one which he lately delivered before that body.

☞ See WENDELL PHILLIPS's speech, in another column, for a timely as well as striking critique of Mr. Seward.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.—This eminent woman, the widow of the great poet, died at London, May 17th, in the 66th year of her age. It is only a few weeks since we printed a poetic tribute from her pen to the memory of the late Mrs. Follen. The friends who loved each other so well are now, after only a brief separation, reunited.

HENRY WARD BEECHER preached to Theodore Parker's congregation on Sunday morning last. Music Hall was densely crowded, and thousands, it is said, vainly endeavored to get within the walls.

DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

WITH feelings of inexpressible regret and sadness we announce to our readers the death of THEODORE PARKER, which occurred at Florence on the 10th of May. Intelligence of his sinking condition reached us ten days ago, preparing us in some degree for the event we now record; but his life seemed to us to involve such weighty interests that we hoped, even against hope, that he would so far recover his strength as to be able to return to his native land and labor, at least a few years longer, with his pen if not with his voice. But we are disappointed. The brain in which was garnered such inexhaustible stores of intellectual wealth, and which planned so wisely for mankind, is pulseless now; the heart that beat so warmly toward God, and so earnestly and truly for the welfare of humanity, beats no more; the tongue that spoke God's message to a guilty land with such boldness and fidelity is forever stilled!

We know nothing at present of the particulars of Mr. Parker's last hours, which were soothed, we presume, by the attentions of his fond wife and the presence of endeared friends.

It is not for us to pronounce Mr. Parker's eulogy; that service will be performed in due season, doubtless, by one qualified to do justice to the theme. We only ask the privilege of dropping a tear on his grave.

The following sketch of Mr. Parker's life will be read with eager interest:

From The Tribune.

Theodore Parker was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810, and was accordingly in the fiftieth year of his age at the time of his death. He was descended in a direct line from the Puritan settlers of the Massachusetts colony, his ancestors, almost without exception, having been farmers and mechanics, and usually active participants in the military affairs of their day. His grandfather, John Parker, was a soldier in the last French war of 1749–'59, and was present at the capitulation of Quebec. He was a zealous friend of liberty, and was captain of the soldiers in the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775. He formed the first line and drew the first sword in the war of the Revolution, ordering his men to load their muskets with powder and ball. "Don't fire," said he, "unless fired upon; but if they wish to have war, let it begin here." After the British left the field, he succeeded in taking prisoner a grenadier of the 43d Regiment, and obtained the first fire-arm captured in the struggle for Independence. This musket came into the possession of his grandson, whose visitors will well remember the satisfaction with which he was wont to exhibit it among the curiosities of his ample library.

The father of Theodore was a millwright and pump-maker, a man of robust habits and sturdy sense, a great reader, fond of mathematics, with which branch of science he was well acquainted, an independent thinker, a Unitarian in belief, and possessing remarkable powers of expression and argument. His mother was a highly-cultivated woman for that day, a model of personal beauty, fond of literature, and with an enthusiastic taste for poetry. From his parents, Theodore inherited an earnest and thoughtful mind. Much of his time from the earliest childhood was spent in reading when at home, and before he was eight years old, he had finished Homer and Plutarch (in translations), Rollin's Ancient History, and in two years after had become familiar with Pope, Milton, Cowley and Dryden, reading, in fact, all the poetry he could find. At the age of 12, he took to metaphysics, a pursuit from which he did not desist to the last year of his life. His memory was so retentive that he could repeat whole volumes of poetry, and would often learn by heart a poem of four or five hundred lines from a single reading. He began to write poetry at the age of eight. He early became interested in the study of botany, and soon learned the names and habits of most of the plants in the vicinity. Before the age of ten, he knew all the shrubs and trees of Massachusetts, and had made catalogues of all the vegetable productions which grew on his father's farm. In his tenth year he began to study Latin at the common school in the winter, reading the usual elementary books required for admission to college, and at eleven commenced the study of Greek. In the winter of 1825–6, he had passed beyond the range of knowledge possessed by his teacher, and pursued a course of self-instruction in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry and Rhetoric. In the spring of 1827, he attended Lexington Academy for one term, and in 1827–28 he taught school himself for 17 weeks. This employment he continued for four successive winters, working on the farm and in the shop at home during the rest of the year. In the fall of 1830, he entered the Freshman class of Harvard College, intending to labor at home until he was 21, and then join the class. At that time he finished the College course as far as the end of the Junior year, and read a large amount of Latin and Greek and Mathematics not required by the regular College course.

In the spring of 1831, he went to Boston as a teacher in a private school on a salary of $15 a month and board. He taught Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and at this period had read Virgil twenty times, Horace nearly as many, and had stored his memory with the finest passages of each. Here he found a teacher in French and Spanish, which he learned to read and write with accuracy, and soon after entered upon the study of German. In 1832, he opened a private school in Watertown, where he remained for two years, and at the same time studying the higher branches of mathematics, and entering upon an extensive course of Greek and Latin classics, metaphysics and German literature. With these he united the study of Hebrew and theology, and having decided that it would be of little use to join his class as an undergraduate, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1834, with an advanced standing of one year. Here he remained a little more than two years, pursuing a wide range of study beyond the routine of his class, including the principal modern languages—especially Italian, Portuguese, Spanish and Modern Greek.

Mr. Parker left the theological school in 1836, was settled over a small rural parish in West Roxbury in 1837, visited Europe in 1843, returned in 1844, was invited to preach in Boston in 1845, and became minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston February 16, 1846. From that time his career has been prominently before the public. His congregation soon grew to be the largest in the city of Boston, including not only a wide and devoted circle of personal friends, but an immense throng of strangers, who were attracted by his fame to listen to his discourses. The great purpose of his preaching was the application of common sense to theology, and of sound ethics to practical life. None of the exciting interests of the day escaped his attention, and none which promised to benefit society, promote the cause of knowledge, and advance the progress of man, failed to win his sympathy. He was plain, outspoken and uncompromising in the utterance of his convictions; not without a natural love of controversy; but in all the intercourses of private life he exhibited an almost feminine gentleness and affectionateness. In the domestic circle, he inspired perpetual admiration by the affluence of his conversation, his colloquial eloquence and wit, the incredible extent and precision of his knowledge, the readiness and fidelity of his memory, and the benignant wisdom and cordiality of his discourse. No one would recognize in the genial and playful talker, the warm-hearted friend, and the considerate and tender adviser, the stern old iconoclast who delighted to wield the battle-axe, and rush into the midst of the affray when the question of human freedom or social rights was at stake. Mr. Parker was one of the most truly benevolent men of the day; and had not his brilliant fame as a public man eclipsed the reputation of his private virtues, he would have been celebrated as "the Man of Ross." In the receipt of a generous income from his profession and his literary labors, one third of his surplus for many years past has been religiously devoted to deeds of unostentatious charity. The sincerest mourners at his death, will be the troops of young people, whom he has helped to an education and an establishment in life, and the poor and unfortunate, whose wants never appealed to his sympathies in vain.

MR. PARKER'S LAST HOURS.

The following extract from a private letter to Prof. Newman, dated Florence, May 11th, and which appeared in the London *Daily News* of the 18th, comes to hand just as we are going to press:

"I have sad news to communicate. Our dear suffering friend, Theodore Parker, died yesterday evening. Yet, there never was an easier end to a life but lately full of vigor. I saw him about three hours before he died, lying calmly, while life was ebbing away unconsciously to himself. He left written directions for his funeral, limiting to five persons the attending him to the grave, of whom I am one. Many Americans here are expressing their wish to appear as mourners, but it is thought right to abide by his instructions. He desired the eleven first verses of the Sermon on the Mount (the blessings of Jesus) to be read over his grave, and then a plain gray stone, with his name and age, and nothing further of inscription. Mr. Cunningham, a Boston Unitarian minister, will read the passages. He is a sincere friend and admirer of Parker. We hope to get a cast taken of Mr. Parker to-day. Mrs. Parker, his poor, gentle wife, has hitherto borne up well. Miss Stevenson, who has so long resided with them, was also with him to the last. She thinks, from the peculiar tenderness of his manner yesterday, that he knew he was dying. He had been dreamy for some days, and talked ramblingly of two Theodore Parkers, one here, and one planted in Boston, who would finish his work; perhaps a true thought, only mystically expressed. Among his last well-connected words were these:

"'Of course you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live and finish much work which I longed to do. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them.'

"Since writing this I have seen him lying, O so peacefully! I have never seen death under a form so devoid of terror. The hectic color remains on his cheek, and it is hard to persuade oneself he has passed away. He ceased to breathe without the least struggle."

WE expect to be absent from our post for two or three weeks; so, if the paper is not as good as usual, our readers will know to what to attribute it, and if they find an improvement in its columns, they will also know how to account for the same. We don't think it will lose in interest during our brief absence, and if it improves, why it is all in the family.—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

Mr. Jones, we presume, has left his paper in the care of his excellent wife, who is a *helpmeet* in more senses than one.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM ITALY....III.

MILAN, April 29, 1860.

The Evening Post of the 4th of April reached me to-day, and I could not but smile bitterly over the leading article, "Prospects of Revolution in Naples." "Let it not be imagined," says that journal, "that the Neapolitans are so enervated or broken-spirited as to submit forever to such a tyranny. The old spirit still survives, and the striking of a lucifer match may again excite the flames of insurrection." I read this article to a Neapolitan, and asked him how I was to explain the non-occurrence of what, to a free people, seemed inevitable; what reasons I must assign for the tranquillity of Naples, as far as action is concerned, in the presence of the Sicilian revolution, which must be considered as something more than the striking of a lucifer match? "Ask Cavour," he answered, moodily; "ask the agents of Piedmont, who, paltering with the agents of France to keep down the revolution, have stupefied our people, have disheartened our youth by holding up before them the difficulties of union with Piedmont, the impossibilities of a republic, the alternatives of Murat or a Constitution forced from the King to-day to be violated on the morrow." And really, I know no better way of getting out of the difficulty than by referring you to these authorities. "The Sicilians have made their calculations sufficiently badly," said Cavour to one who asked for help on their behalf; "revolutions at the present moment are a political error and a serious damage." Damage to what? To Napoleonic bargains and Cavourian dictatorship. And is a people, wrought by years of insult, suffering and wrong to such a pitch of frenzy that they rise up and die by hundreds—by thousands, alas!—in the hopes of breaking through their chains—is it expected that this people shall *calculate* how and when they may least disturb imperial plans and ministerial designs? Or does Cavour mean that the moment was ill-timed because the patriot's war-cry—the *Viva l'Italia!* shrieked by dying men who had learned thus to die that Italy might learn to live—may disturb the festive passage of the Re Galantuomo through his newly-bought domains? As for that, he need not fear the vivas and the applause, the banquets, spectacles and illuminations, so loud and bright, will prevent the King from hearing the Sicilian *Grido di dolore*, to which, though far less audible to common mortals, *he* was not insensible on the 10th of January, 1859.

Cavour may rest upon his laurels; he, at least, has calculated WELL; his narcotics have stifled all the generous impulses in this warm Italian heart; his slow poisons have paralyzed the high resolves which common suffering and common aspirations had formulated in Italian breasts; and the gentle Tuscans, who, in 1848, went up to die by thousands on the Lombard plains, feeling that the foe of Lombardy and Venice was the foe of all Italy alike, now look on applaudingly while Nice is sacrificed to the tyrant who tolerates, but will not sanction, their momentary freedom, and indulge in revelry and festivals while the Sicilians are falling with the Bourbon's weapon in their breasts and the cold steel of despair within their hearts, thrust there by eleven millions of their brethren, drinking and making merry and dancing round their open graves.

Our last news from Palermo bears date 19th, 20th and 21st of April, when various combats had taken place between the royal troops and the patriots, in one of which the latter had been compelled to abandon their position at Carini, leaving 240 dead upon the field, while the troops lost 300, in revenge for which they assassinated all the children, women and old men who fell into their power. In another combat the insurgents triumphed, but the loss of Carini is serious. The correspondent of *The Corriere Mercantile* asserts that the royalists had the worst of it; but our tidings, alas! are the true ones. Meanwhile, Garibaldi remains undecided and inert in Genoa, despite the crowds of volunteers with which his residence is besieged. There, again, the Court has triumphed. The official despatch, of the 25th inst., has just arrived at Turin from Palermo, announcing the entire cessation of the revolution. I cannot vouch for its truth or falsehood; this we know, that the Piedmontese government has sent one or three men-of-war to Malta; this makes me feel that the heroic struggle is near its end. The Count will, of course, be lauded to the skies for his benevolence in affording protection to the refugees! You will say I am becoming a misanthrope; and really a year of watching day by day, of getting behind the scenes, and seeing how puppet-like is this people in the hands of the *burattinaro*-in-chief, does not improve my faith in the doctrine of eternal progress. Every day some fresh act of cowardly submission comes under one's notice. I have before me at this moment a list of eighty citizens of the Duchy of Modena languishing in some unknown Austrian dungeon—for it was to the tender mercies of the Austrian that the runaway Duke consigned them, in April, 1859! Of these eighty prisoners, seventy-three are condemned to the galleys, for six, ten or twenty years, or for life, for the sole crime of having belonged to a "revolutionary sect," or to the "Mazzinian sect." The National Assembly of the Modenese provinces commissioned the government to denounce the fact to the "powerful friends of Italy," and, in the words of the official *Gazette of Modena* of the 23d of October, 1859, the government confided this just cause to the "natural protectors of the Italian cause." Who these natural protectors were, *then*, one is at a loss to imagine; but now that Modena is fairly annexed to Piedmont, one would think that the Piedmontese Parliament, Piedmontese government and the Re Galantuomo might assume that title, at least with regard to the Duchy. And as the prisoners in the hands of Austria are now bona fide subjects of Piedmont, and as the first article of the Treaty of Zurich affirms that "from the date of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, peace and friendship will exist between his Majesty the King of Sardinia and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, their heirs and successors, their States and respective subjects, *à perpetuité*," one would think that there would be little difficulty in obtaining the release of the poor captives. But can you believe that since October last, when the above announcement appeared in the official *Gazette*, no voice has been heard in protest, no Modenese Deputy has spoken in their behalf? A friend of mine in Modena, protesting against the cowardly apathy of his fellow-citizens, was asked whether, for the sake of eighty prisoners, they were to run the risk of entangling their new sovereign in fresh difficulties with Austria! What a sublime spirit of sacrifice on the part of the Modenese, the London *Times* will exclaim, as it did with regard to the Italian populations in the affair of Nice! I wish you would send us the meaning of *sacrifice*, according to your republican dictionary. I used to think sacrifice meant the yielding up of something dear to one's self for the benefit of another; now I find that it means the yielding up the life, liberty and property of others to save one's own!

So it seems that the King's imperial master forbids his going to l'Emilia to gladden the hearts and exercise the lungs of his adoring subjects there, who had exhausted their purses in viands, gala trimmings and fireworks for the 25th of April. Arise is gone to Paris to coax for leave, but I suppose the master will not relent. You know that he refuses to guarantee Tuscany and the Romagna. That's honest, at least. Plon Plon may hope on yet.

Here we have nothing stirring, save the working tailors, who have "struck," and a slight excitement on account of the rumors that two of the chief Milanese Deputies, Cattanio and Bertani, are about to resign. I fancy, concerning the former, the rumor is false, as I have a letter from him, written on the 21st of April, in which he says: "Concerning the national armament, it will ever be not only the weapon, but the condition of any possible accord with the government. Garibaldi will make a speech thereon; I, too, shall speak and write; so will others. It will ever be the sole and essential condition for supporting (if worth the trouble) the actual ministry, which is low enough just now, and needs the aid of the entire opposition to bear up against the general disapprobation for the blind, mad, fatal cession of Nice." Bertani is one of the most renowned surgeons of Italy, and his political reputation equals his professional fame. Throughout the siege of Rome he was ever at his post. During ten years' exile in Genoa, he had worked his way up to the top of the tree; yet the moment Garibaldi sounded his war-cry, Bertani was at his side, leaving his lucrative position for the toil and perils of the camp. If you ever get a sight of Cattaneo's "Politecnico," the only Italian serial worth reading just now, you will find a most interesting account of "The Hunters of the Alps in 1859, their Wounds and their Death," by this same Bertani, who, if Garibaldi had gone to Sicily, would have accompanied him. If bad tidings are confirmed, I shall send you a review of the said "Politecnico," and of Cattaneo's important work, just published—"Memorie d'Economia Publica dal 1833 to 1860." I think it probable Cattaneo will not appear in the Chambers. The last time I saw him he said, "The oath—the oath—how am I to get over that? I don't feel as if I could take the oath."

The *Gazzetta di Milano* of this evening confirms the worst news from Sicily, and inserts the account given by the correspondent of the *Gazzetta di Genoa* touching the hideous cruelties perpetrated at Carini by the royal troops. In the same number, it inserts an appeal from Signor Amari, a well-known Sicilian resident in Tuscany, on behalf of his countrymen. The leading article of this gazette exclaims, "Unwilling to increase, by useless and untimely laments, the anguish which our government must endure at being unable openly to extend its hand in aid of these brave and unhappy brothers, it remains with us, whose actions and whose will are free (!), who are not compelled to obey inexorable necessities (!), to make reparation, as far as our hopes and thoughts permit, in order that we may not have the remorse of a cruel abandonment of that unhappy portion of our country." Sublimest of crocodiles! it would have been well to have thought of this twenty days ago, when help and encouragement might have turned the scale! A friend, pretty well informed, tells me that negotiations are going on for the cession of the Island of Sardinia to the French Emperor! The same post brings me a letter from Berne, giving me the names of a committee formed in Lugano for the annexation of the Canton Tessin to Piedmont! Switzerland will pay dearly for failing in resistance to the first aggression. And not only Switzerland! The Canton Tessin is the sole refuge on the continent for Italian exiles, hunted alike by the remorseless Austrian and the Italianissimo Cavour. True, the latter often hunts them thence, and the poor little government is compelled to serve the order of banishment. Still, it shuts one eye on their hiding-places, and they linger on, loath to cross the Alps and thus lose sight of Italian sky and the feeling of Italian air. It cannot be denied that the Canton Tessin is Italian, and will one day form part of Free, United and Independent Italy; but that is quite another thing from annexation to Piedmont. As yet, the annexationists are few, the inhabitants love freedom and hate taxation; still, there is no knowing what our imperial masters may have ordained. Particulars anon.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent obtesteth his innocence of the interruption of his serial continuity—But bemoaneth the detriment the Republic hath thereby taken—He magnanimously praiseth certain leading articles—But is considerate of posterity—He turneth to the Nominations and firstly rebuketh that of Baltimore—He standeth up for Mr. Everett—He is learned in the Natural History of the Old Whigs—Particularly as to their powers of deglutition—He rebaptizeth the Third Party—And giveth Lord Brougham his due—He sympathizeth with a distinguished Mourner at his own Funeral—He giveth excellent advice to the Republicans—And amendeth their Nomenclature—His testimony on the Tobacco question—He telleth of the Epidemic among the Policemen and the Cows—He humbleth himself before the Editor—But hopeth for better things to come—His views as to the Pleuro pneumonia, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, May 28, 1860.

You will bear me witness that it is not my fault that your readers have lost one of my letters in due course. It is not for me to protest against your postponing an epistle of mine in favor of a report of your Anniversary and the Speeches of which it was made up. If your readers can forgive you, *I* can. But it is unknown what you and they have lost by this interruption of the continuity of my epistolary concatenation. It will be forever unknown, as were the tears Mrs. Malaprop shed when her poor dear husband died. And it is more than likely that some events of weight, and the actors in the same, will sink in the same obscurity and be forever forgotten, like the heroes that lived before Agamemnon, because the sacred bard they might have had was off duty, merely because your columns were crowded. And it is not only unknown to you and your readers what you have lost, but equally unknown to me also. In the hurry and bustle of events, I cannot be expected to keep the run of them for four weeks on end. So my own tally is also broken up by this extraordinary—I will not say insane—preference of your leaders over my letters. Not that I have anything to say against your leaders. On the contrary, I rather liked them, especially the one on the Anniversary. As I was providentially kept away from that meeting, it was satisfactory to see an account of it from a competent eye-witness. I do not think I could have done it better myself, had I been there. This much I thought it due to myself, to posterity and to my future editors and commentators to say, that these last may be saved the perplexity to which they would be put to account for an *hiatus* so deflendible.

Of course, we have not thought of much of anything besides getting out the raw materials for Presidents and setting them up for manufacture. And I don't believe that any of us are particularly well pleased with what has been done in that kind of fabric. As to the work done at Baltimore we are disgusted with it. After all we had done and suffered for Mr. Everett, after sending him round the country to do for Washington what Albert Smith does for Mont Blanc, and after subjecting him to a comparison with Sylvanus Cobb, junior, and to the other trying competitions of your own *Ledger*, after all this and much more, to have him appointed to play second fiddle to John Bell, was a little more than such human nature as we have to boast of can bear. Second fiddle, indeed! Not more than *tenth*, I should say. For though the Vice-President is nominally the second man in our public affairs, in point of consideration he ranks certainly after the Speaker of the House, the members of the Cabinet, and all the first class Foreign Ministers. It was a simple insult—perhaps it were more proper to call it a compound one—to a man of Mr. Everett's antecedents and pretensions, to fob him off with the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. I cannot but think that he would refuse to submit to the humiliation, if he did just what he would like to do. But as I see that he has consulted his friends, of course he will stand—for they did not set him up with any intention of letting him off from whatever botheration of the Republicans his name could work.

It is very possible that they will wheedle him into more willingness to submit to this slight, by the suggestion that he may possibly slip into the White House yet, through the back door, by the way of the Senate. In case the election should go into the House, and the House be unable to elect before the Fourth of March, then the Senate would choose one of the candidates for Vice-President, who would become President by this *hocus pocus*, and who knows who the choice of the Senate might be! To be sure, everybody but an Old Whig would know that it could be nobody but the Democratic candidate, but an Old Whig will believe anything that is told to him. Nothing is too big for his swallow. He can gulp down a camel as easily as a dog does a pat of butter, and not even lick his lips after it. All of the genuine Old School believe that Bell and Everett will be chosen by the people! And they would have believed it, if the Baltimore Convention had set up Mr. Webster. And why not? He is not more entirely dead than these worthy gentlemen, for any political resurrection. *The Tribune*, I see, calls this party the Old Gentleman's party. It were better named the Posthumous one. There was sense as well as wit in the reply of the scoffer to the delegate who told him the doings at Baltimore. "Bell and Everett! But why didn't you set up Choate?" "Choate! Why Choate's dead!" "I know that, but he hasn't been dead long!" Before leaving this topic, I must give credit where credit is due for my comparison of Mr. Everett's services to Washington to those of Albert Smith to Mont Blanc. It is not mine, but Lord Brougham's. Mr. Smith, some of your readers may need to be told, delivered a lecture on the Monarch of Mountains, illustrated by a panorama, for an uncounted number of times, in London, making thereby much more money for himself than Mr. Everett for the Richmond ladies. Lord Brougham was one day asking after Mr. Everett of some American who told him of his oratorical labors in behalf of Mount Vernon. His lordship at first supposed that all of these seventy-five orations were fresh ones every time, and on being made to understand the fact, was infinitely diverted at the idea and added, "Aye, aye, I understand it now—ALBERT SMITH!"

Some of us were no better pleased with the treatment our Governor met with at Chicago. I think there was a very general feeling that Mr. Banks might come in, after Mr. Seward had been bluffed off. But if there be any deep curses, they are not loud ones at any rate, and Mr. Lincoln will carry Massachusetts as a matter of course. But it was rather hard on Governor Banks to make him preside at his own funeral in Faneuil Hall, as Chief Mourner! It was a very great funeral, however, if that were any consolation. I was not there in person, as I do not care for your enthusiastic, una[illegible]s Republican meetings. They are simply bores. But if there should be one in which the Douglas and Administration Democrats meet to have it out together, you may reckon upon me as one of that crowd. The Lincoln meeting, however, was as big a one as ever met in Faneuil Hall in the palmiest of the Webster days, and as enthusiastic as any, if noise be the criterion of enthusiasm. Mr. Seward broke the disappointment of his failure at Chicago by his Speech of the Twenty-ninth of February; but, still, the better sort of Republicans were sanguine of his success and believing as to his being better than his Senate platform. If any enthusiasm can be excited for Mr. Lincoln, it will be through the persistent endeavors of the Democratic papers to show that he is a worse Abolitionist than Mr. Seward, and indeed not much better than Mr. Garrison. I am afraid that this is doing him honor overmuch; but, if the Republicans want to elect him, they must let the mass of the voters believe that this is pretty near the mark. All the "Honest Old Abe" twaddle will go for nothing. It will only lead to the suspicion suggested by John Van Buren in the case of "Honest John Davis" viz.: that there is another "Old Abe Lincoln" that is *not* honest. And the "rail-splitting" and the rest of it is simply disgusting. The strongest argument that I have heard in his favor is, that he doesn't chew tobacco. But this requires confirmation, and, I am afraid, if true, would be fatal to his prospects in the West—judging from my personal observations in those regions three or four years ago.

The only other matters that I can now call to mind as worthy of everlasting memory are the epidemics which have broken out among the cows and the policemen. We had always flattered ourselves that we could boast of our superiority over you in the quality of this last description of cattle, at least. But I am afraid we must give in, since it has been discovered that not a few of them have been for years in the habit of picking and stealing, under cover of their official character. You will exalt yourself over us, however, more disdainfully than ever, when I tell you the discreditable fact, which I have on the authority of one of the Police Committee of the Aldermen, that all the stealings of all the policemen implicated, for several successive years, do not amount to more in value than three or four hundred dollars! I cry you mercy! Don't despise us too utterly. Rome was not built in a day, nor can you expect Boston to rival New York all at once. There must be a beginning to all things. We may hope to go on from strength to strength until our Police shall be as skillful and accomplished as your own. We may grow up in time to have a Mayor who shall have escaped the State's Prison by virtue of the Statute of Limitations, and an Alderman who shall have qualified himself for his station by biting a man's nose off. The other complaint which has attacked our useful friends, the cows, is of more vital consequence than the other. Besides the actual loss, which is very great, it infects with jealousy our breakfast and tea tables, through the suspicion it casts upon our Milk (suspicious enough before, Heaven knows) and our Beef. This is a matter which reaches far beyond our boundaries and affects the prosperity of the whole country. The Governor has summoned an Extra Session of the Legislature to see what means of prevention can be devised to stop the spread of the pestilence. Could an effectual system be devised for this purpose, no amount of money would be too great to devote to it. But the diversities of opinion as to the character of the disorder, and the apprehensions of the jobberies to which any plan of public compensation for losses could be abused, will make public interference a very much disputed matter, and the result a very doubtful one. We will wait, however, and see what can, or will, be done.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1860.

THE Senatorial debate on the Jefferson Davis resolutions at length has closed. For weeks one branch of Congress has done nothing but discuss the slavery question on a set of political resolutions which were hatched in a Democratic caucus, to be used in slaughtering Stephen Arnold Douglas. Two or three of the speeches last made were terribly bitter upon Mr. Douglas; the ablest of them all being that from the lips of Senator Benjamin. Imagine, if you can, the following sentences coming slowly and emphatically from the finest orator in the Senate:

"Sir, it has been with reluctance and sorrow that I have been obliged to pluck down my idol from his high place on high, and to refuse to him any more support or confidence as a member of the party. I have done so, I trust, upon no light or unworthy ground. I have not done so alone. The causes that have operated on me have operated on the Democratic party of the United States, and have operated an effect which the whole future life of the Senator will be utterly unable to obliterate. It is impossible that confidence thus lost can be restored. On what ground has that confidence been forfeited, and why is it that we now refuse him our support and fellowship? I have stated our reasons to-day. I have appealed to the record. I have not followed him back in the false issue or the feigned traverse that he makes in relation to matters that are not now in contest between him and the Democratic party. The question is not what we all said or believed in 1840 or in 1856. How idle was it to search ancient precedents, and to accumulate old quotations from what Senators may have at different times said in relation to their principles and views. The precise point, the direct arraignment, the plain and explicit allegation made against the Senator from Illinois is not touched by him in all of his speech. We accuse him for this, to wit: that having bargained with us upon a point upon which we were at issue, that it should be considered a judicial point; that he would abide the decision; that he would act under the decision, and consider it a doctrine of the party; that having said that to us here in the Senate, he went home, and under the stress of a local election, his knees gave way; his whole person trembled. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten; and lo, he is the candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States. The Senator from Illinois faltered. He got the prize for which he faltered; but lo, the prize of his ambition slips from his grasp because of the faltering which he paid as the price for the ignoble prize—ignoble under the circumstances under which he obtained it.

"Here were two men, struggling before the people of a State on two great sides of a political controversy that was dividing the Union, each for empire at home. One stood on principle—was defeated. To-day—where stands he? The other faltered—received the prize; but, to-day, where stands he? Not at the head of the Democratic party of these United States. He is a fallen star. We have separated from him. He is right in saying we have separated from him. We have separated from him, not because he held principles in 1856 different from ours. We have separated from him, not because we are intolerant of opposition from anybody, for the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Pugh] is an honored member of our organization. We separated from him because he has denied the bargain that he made when he went home, because, after telling us here in the Senate that he was willing that this whole matter should be decided by the Supreme Court, in the face of his people, he told them that he had got us by the bill; and that, whether the decision was for us or against us, the practical effect was to be against us; and because he tells us now again that he is ready to make use of Black Republican arguments, which he answers at home, and to put them forth against the Democratic party in the speeches that he uses here in the Senate."

Well might Mr. Douglas be sick at the time, and absent from the Senate Chamber, for there was *truth* in what Mr. Benjamin said. If he stood on a great principle he might laugh to scorn these threats, but *he does not*. He is totally without principle, and simply wants power and office—wants to be President. He therefore cannot follow a principle and defy the Democratic party, for in doing so he might lose office, and he was never yet brave enough to risk the loss of office for an idea. Such men as Dickinson and Bronson, the Hards of New York, are greatly his superiors, for they lost office even for a pro-slavery idea. And in that respect they are vastly superior to the Softs, who believe everything which the Administration teaches—one administration after another.

The immortal Wigfall, of Texas, made a very long speech on the resolutions, and he paid his respects to Mr. Douglas after this fashion:

"When a man who had repudiated our platform; who had put a false construction upon it—a most dangerous one; who had been disorganizing the party; who had been making false and impracticable issues; who had been keeping up the agitation day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, not only upon the stump and in the Senate, but in the magazines of the country; when he who had denounced us in advance as disunionists and fire-eaters, and charged us with disloyalty to the Government—when he and his friends thrust themselves and their platform upon us, I say to them, as I said just now to my friend from Ohio—for really my feelings towards him personally are kind—'Gentlemen, do not offer us this pill; we cannot swallow it. In the first place, it is utterly impossible to induce the people of some of the truest and soundest Democratic States in this Union to vote for him. You defeat the party if you nominate him. We do not [illegible]ve he has strength even at the North. Do not offer him to us.' They, however, insisted upon it; and the more distasteful they found the dose to be, the more persistently did they insist that we should swallow it. Now, I will yield as much as any man, when properly approached:

> 'I'll give thrice so much land,
> To any well deserving friend;
> But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
> I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.'

And when any single individual chooses to button under his belt the entire Democracy of the country, and to read me and my friends out of the party, and then demand a nomination at our hands, and a platform indorsing all his absurdities, I enter my most solemn protest.

"No, sir; there was no conciliation in them, but they felt as Harry Hotspur did when they would not give him his prisoners, that squatter sovereignty we should swallow. They would 'have a starling taught to speak nothing but' SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY, and 'squatter sovereignty' we have to take—or nothing. The party is to be disrupted; we are to have no nomination; the Union is to be dissolved unless we consent to vote for Stephen A. Douglas. When it comes to an issue like that, there are two that can play at that game. Mr. Douglas may destroy the party; *he cannot be elected President*. Where, when this party is destroyed, we are to find a Ctesiphon, I know not. When the temple has been burnt to the ground, who is to build it again I cannot divine. He may do this. He may send his reputation down to posterity coupled with that of Erostratus; and, if he is proud of that sort of fame, he is welcome to it. But if this party is not to be saved except upon such terms as he proposes, I say let the flames lick the heavens, burn it, shake it until it tumbles and falls on his head, and I think we can save ourselves."

This, of course, demolished Mr. Douglas. The resolutions, as I have said, passed, and the Southern Senators feel pretty certain that Mr. Douglas is off the Presidential track. Are they right? It is very hard to tell. Mr. D. is confident, his friends say, of the nomination; but, like Mr. Seward at Chicago, I believe he reckons on men who will deceive him, and it is possible, if not probable, that he is preparing to withdraw his name and substitute that of Aleck Stephens, of Georgia, in its stead. He would then triumph on the non-intervention principle, for Stephens acknowledges it in a late letter. Mr. Stephens being a Southern man, if nominated by the Convention, it would be impossible for the slave-code Democrats to make any serious fight against him. Against Douglas they could carry every Southern State—not one against Stephens.

As for the Republican nominations, it strikes me they are growing popular. The friends of Mr. Seward are falling zealously into line, and anti-slavery men see that Mr. Greeley's Bates programme was destroyed because the people would have *an anti-slavery candidate*. Lincoln anticipated Seward's Rochester speech, as you will see if you read his (Lincoln's) great speech at Springfield, Illinois, the July previous. He is more outspoken in his anti-slavery talk than Seward, though he countenances obedience to the slave-catching enactment, and Seward was silent upon the subject. If Mr. Lincoln is elected, it will be a great anti-slavery triumph.

AVON.

KIND WORDS.

A FEW of our exchanges, at least, have taken occasion to speak a kind word for THE STANDARD, for which we thank them in behalf of the cause we serve. Their good opinion is the more valuable on account of their dissent from our radical views; and, if the reader will pardon our blushes, we will let him see what they have said:

THE New York ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD enters upon its twenty-first volume the present week, and appears in a new and handsome dress. THE STANDARD is a very ably conducted paper, and presents with great force the peculiar views of the Society whose organ it is. We do not coincide with all these views, but we can heartily commend THE STANDARD to all who are not afraid of an independent expression of opinion. The literary department of the paper is superior to that of any paper we know of, and its correspondence, domestic and foreign, is interesting and reliable.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

The New York ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, one of the best anti-slavery papers in the country, has just entered upon its 21st year, and comes to its numerous readers in a new and elegant freedom suit. Glad to see this evidence of its prosperity. May it "live a hundred years," and, long before that time, see the object for which it has faithfully labored for twenty years, fully attained. No expense has been spared to make this paper efficient in the cause it advocates, as well as an agreeable visitor to the family circle. Success to it.—*Claremont (N. H.) Advocate.*

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we regard THE STANDARD as the best paper of its particular type in the country. We never consider ourselves posted on any political question, till the view from its editorial standpoint is perused. While disagreeing with its conductors, politically and theologically, we cordially hope it may flourish till the last chain drops from the limbs of the last slave.—*Norristown (Pa.) Republican.*

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ and exponent of the Anti-Slavery Society, presided over editorially by Oliver Johnson, Esq., one of the real live anti-slavery men of the present age, came to us last week in an entire new dress. THE STANDARD enters upon its 21st year with this number, and its appearance demonstrates its success. We would recommend it to those who wish a living, radical anti-slavery paper. They cannot find a better one on the Continent. Those who wish to try it can do so by addressing the "Publisher NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 Beekman St., N. Y."—*Cortland (N. Y.) Republican Banner.*

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.—This sterling and model weekly journal has just entered upon its twenty-first year, looking as bright as a new dollar. It has dressed itself anew from head to foot, and is fully prepared to do the pioneer work in a great reform.

We suppose THE STANDARD does not expect to reap the benefits of its labor, but will be content to let others, more politic and cautious, eat the chestnuts it takes out of the fire. That is the fate of the honest reformer.

Those, however, who sympathize with the principles so zealously and ably advocated by this journal, should bear in mind that their mite, be it ever so small, will help to carry on the work, and that by sending their subscriptions promptly, they will hold up the hands of those who are laboring to advance a healthy moral sentiment. THE STANDARD is published in New York, at $2 per annum.—*Cleveland (O.) Analyst.*

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, has just entered upon its twenty-first year. Although we do not go the length these men go, we are free to say that their journal is characterized by fearlessness, great ability and unwavering consistency. Those who wish a paper advocating the most extreme anti-slavery doctrine will find THE STANDARD worthy their patronage.—*Delhi (N. Y.) Republican.*

THE DEFEAT OF SEWARD.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD has occupied the same place in the political anti-slavery world that WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON does in the moral. They are the founders of two great but differing systems. I presume if an effort was made to set aside Mr. Garrison from his rightful position as the leader of the anti-slavery enterprise and to substitute some recent convert (Dr. Cheever, Mr. Conway or the like) it would fail. So much more faithful are Mr. Garrison's followers than Mr. Seward's. But why has Mr. Seward been set aside? Simply because of the low state of anti-slavery sentiment in portions of the free States. You want no better index of the state of this sentiment than is found in an examination of the votes given at Chicago, for and against Mr. Seward. Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin and New York voted first and last for Mr. Seward, while Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Indiana as persistently voted against him. Is there any doubt about the position of these States, on slavery? Cowardice was another cause of Mr. Seward's defeat. Vermont and New Hampshire desired to vote for Mr. Seward, but were frightened from their intentions by the croakers of Pennsylvania and Indiana.

What the result of all this will be, time will show. One great lesson to be drawn from it is, the importance of a more thorough dissemination of anti-slavery principles in those sections of the country shown to be weak. The coming six months will be the best season ever known for Abolitionists to circulate their newspapers and tracts all over the country. All the energies of the friends of Freedom will be required to keep the anti-slavery feeling up, even to its present pitch. Whether justly or unjustly, the impression has been produced, by the action at Chicago, that less prominence must be given than heretofore to anti-slavery doctrines, in politics. The statesman who first brought anti-slavery into politics, twenty years ago, has been supplanted and a new leader set up.

If the true friends of Mr. Seward's policy are wise, they will come to your aid, and help forward your great work of enlightening the public mind and quickening the public conscience. An effort will be made, by the "veneered" Republicans warmed into life by Seward's defeat, to suppress anti-slavery agitation in the party. This will be resisted. Then comes the irrepressible conflict into the Republican party, as it is already in the Democratic. All parties, all Churches, must meet it sooner or later. The question for Anti-Slavery Societies and anti-slavery men and women to consider is, Shall we help it on? or shall we allow it to subside? Providence has presented such an opportunity as never occurred before and may never occur again. How shall it be met?

A REPUBLICAN.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.

The statement copied below from *The Leader*, of this city, will surprise no one who has noticed the perversion and corruption of the public conscience here in all matters pertaining to slavery, under the teachings of the Springs, the Bethunes, the Lords, the *Observer*, *Journal of Commerce*, etc. The people having been taught by these "wolves in sheep's clothing" that slavery is not a sin, have no longer any conscience against the slave trade, which is only one of its fruits. Read, read:

"The increase of the slave trade, and the fact that all the vessels engaged therein appear to have cleared out of the port of New York, begin to attract attention at Washington, and in other quarters. It can hardly be conceived that if the officers of the law, charged with the duty of preventing the departure of all vessels bound on illegal errands, did their duty, our port would not be disgraced as it now is by being made to rank as the grand depot of the slave trade. That they have not done their duty in all cases has been lately proved; and that they neglected their duty for corrupt considerations has been put on record by the dismissal of two Deputy United States Marshals on proved charges to that effect. But we believe that we do not overstate the matter in announcing that an average of two vessels each week clear out of our harbor bound for Africa and a human cargo; and we have received information, which we shall verify and publish as soon as possible, to the effect *that the price for the clearance of a slaver* is as well known to those in the trade as the price of a barrel of pork.

"It is said that a certain amount of gold is placed in a locker in the cabin; the officers board the ship and commence a search for materials arguing the intention of the vessel to carry slaves. They search all the lockers especially, and suddenly find the particular one in which the gold—commonly ranging from $2,500 to $4,000, according to the size of the vessel—is concealed. This, the inference being that it is at least part of a sum designed to purchase negroes from the King of Dahomey, the officers at once proceed to confiscate; but failing to find any other evidence of a slave-trading purpose on board, they merely remove the treasure and offer no further resistance to the departure of the ship. This was the course said to have been followed by the Deputy U. S. Marshals, who have been dismissed; but of course none of those still retained could possibly be suspected of pursuing a like course. Let us hope that Marshal Isaiah Rynders, now that his eyes have been opened, will be more active and energetic in seeing that his subordinates more faithfully discharge their duties."

THE YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS convenes at Longwood on Sunday morning (to-morrow), at 10 o'clock. We are requested to state that a train will leave Philadelphia (corner of Market and Eighteenth streets) for Longwood on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, returning in the evening.

Summary.

MR. PARKER, while in Rome, where he spent most of his time during the winter, labored constantly with his pen, having written a history of ancient and modern Rome, an autobiography of himself, articles for magazines, and letters to his friends, literally by the bushel.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY.—The Music Hall Society in Boston has paid Rev. Theodore Parker his salary of $2,500 during his absence, the past year, and has had forty-one discourses from his desk, twenty-six of which were delivered by laymen, nearly all denominations having been represented.

CAPTURE OF A FRENCH SLAVER.—*Augusta, May 30.*—A special despatch to *The Savannah Republican*, dated Cedar Keys, 29th, states that advices were received there that Lieutenant Maffit had captured a French bark with a cargo of five hundred Africans, and that the vessel and negroes were carried to Key West the 25th.

Mr. Brady, photographer, is now engaged in reproducing upon paper the features of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt, of the Washington jail, and also the room in which he temporarily resides. The latter picture, prepared under Mr. Hyatt's supervision, bears the inscription, "Room in which Thaddeus Hyatt is incarcerated, in the American Bastile," &c., &c.

RUSSIA.—It is asserted that a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor Alexander, or at all events to compel him to abandon his emancipation projects, had been organized at Petersburg. Some 150 or 200 persons, chiefly among the Noble Guard, are said to have been arrested. Certain suspected regiments were promptly sent out of the city, and other measures of precaution were taken.

THE SLAVE TRADE OPENED IN A NEW WAY.—I learn that the Government has received information that the fishermen off the coast of Florida and South Carolina are in the habit of running over to Cuba, on the pretence of disposing of their fish, and returning with two or three native Africans, bought there at a low figure, which they dispose of, at a great advance, to parties who meet them on the coast, purchase the negroes, and take them into the interior. This gross and notorious violation of law has been going on for some time, and it remains to be seen whether any steps will be taken to arrest it.—*Washington Correspondent Phila. Press.*

A NOVEL SPECULATION.—An eastern "outside" delegate to the Chicago Convention brought to this section of the country one of the *identical* rails which "Abe" split in Sangamon County, Illinois, thirty years since. The owner's intention is to fashion the material into canes, and sell them at a great profit during the heat of the campaign. The number of rails which it will be claimed, before the election takes place, that Lincoln has made, with his own hand, would suffice to fence in the whole State of Illinois; and the canes which will be offered to the public as having originally passed under the supervision of the Republican candidate for the Presidency, would unquestionably support an entire generation in their journey through life.—*Boston Transcript, May 23.*

COLORPHOBIA.—Mr. F. D. Madden, who has some negro blood in his veins, but who carries hardly a sign of it in his complexion, lives in Milwaukee. On Monday he purchased tickets for himself and two ladies accompanying him, by which he was admitted to reserved seats in the theatre. While the play was going on, the manager, one Webb, was informed of the taint in the blood of one of his patrons. He immediately wrote the following note, and sent it to Mr. Madden:

"You had better come and see me, or you will have trouble. WEBB."

Mr. Madden took no notice of the note, and the manager ordered the policeman present to eject him, which the policeman declined to do. Upon this, Mr. Webb performed the ejectment himself. Some legal proceedings will probably grow out of the transaction.

HOW "OLD ABE" RECEIVED THE NEWS.—When the news of the nomination was received in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln was in the *State Journal* office. A boy came headlong into the room where he was sitting, with a sealed despatch, which he placed in his hand. Mr. Lincoln opened it, and a sudden pallor came over his features. He *gazed* upon it intently nearly three minutes. Then his customary smile returned, and he rose, saying: "Well, boys, there is a little woman down at our house who is interested in this business;" and he walked away without any further appearance of agitation, to inform Mrs. Lincoln of the joyful news.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A SLAVE SPECULATION.—The Philadelphia *Press* of May 7th, has the following:

"Considerable excitement prevails in Panama in consequence of a new phase in the slave trade having just been brought to light. It appears that a Senor Lafourie de Bravo, a Cuban, who has been for some years past a clerk in the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has been in the habit of contracting with negroes to go to Cuba, ostensibly to serve, at eight dollars a month, as servants in the family of Senor Morales, formerly of Bogota, New Granada, but now a sort of negro trader in Havana. It has been ascertained that Lafourie has shipped not less than twenty persons on these 'contracts.' He will not be quite safe in the midst of this negro population after to-day."

BOOKS AND OBLIVION.—Out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, &c., 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man.—GEO. W. CURTIS.

A SOUTHERN ADVERTISEMENT.—Here is a fragment from an advertisement which appears in a Georgia paper:

"FOR SALE.—Negroes, Bacon, Flour, Corn, Groceries, &c. Valuable negroes for cash or on time. 40,000 pounds choice bacon, including sides, shoulders, and extra hams."

It is not often that we see the necessaries and luxuries of life jumbled together in more delightful confusion—negroes, bacon, flour, and other groceries. The descendants of Ham and "extra hams," jostling each other's "shoulders," including "sides." The Northern housekeeper labors under the disadvantage of being unable to procure servants and sugar at the same establishment; but it seems that at the South all the concomitants of comfort and housekeeping may be found under one roof.—*New York Times.*

SOUTHERN PERSECUTION.—A correspondent, James Logdon by name, formerly of Texas, but at present living in Napa County, California, writes us from the latter State, detailing an account of the persecutions to which religious people are subjected in some portions of the South. He says that in the spring of 1859, during the session of the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, held near Bonham, Texas, the meeting was invaded by a mob of forty or fifty lawless fellows, who insisted upon an immediate cessation, threatening all sorts of violence to the clergymen convened. Mr. Logdon's two brothers, ministers of the Methodist denomination, continue to reside in that vicinity, and are subject to many insults and annoyances. One writes: "Oh, these are soul-trying times! How I long to be in a land of freedom!" The truth is, that slavery and Christianity are totally opposed to each other, and every minister who preaches boldly and truthfully the teachings of the latter, is not patiently tolerated in a region where the darkness of the former is loved better than Gospel light.—*Tribune.*

CHARGE OF CIRCULATING INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS.—Yesterday, A. F. Ennis, formerly of New York, was before Justice Logan, charged with circulating, in this city, incendiary books and documents, contrary to an act of the Legislature. The accused was observed about four o'clock yesterday morning by the police, perambulating the alleys of the western portion of the city, trying to sell to the colored residents books that were not altogether adjudged compatible with the institutions of Maryland. The policeman under whose notice Ennis came, informed Captain Brown, of the Western District, who ordered his arrest about eleven o'clock, upon his appearance in the vicinity of the station-house. Upon his person were found several publications, one of them entitled, "A Treatise on the South, or the Errors of Northern Fanatics Exposed," and another entitled, "The Facts, or At Whose Door does the Sin [?] Lie?" The preface of the first work was credited to the authorship of Ennis, the accused, and the second to George Francis Train, of Boston, Mass.; also a treatise on Southern institutions. The books are evidently intended as a "blind," being interlarded with violent anti-slavery sentiments, covered with soothing paragraphs thrown in by the authors. Several of the books purchased by colored persons were produced before the magistrate as evidence against the accused. Two trunks of the accused, at Miller's Hotel, Paca street, where he stopped, were examined by the police, and found to contain books of a character in keeping with the above. In one of the books were found printed certificates of his (Ennis's) arrest and discharge by magistrates in Virginia. Justice Logan, after a patient hearing of all the testimony, committed Ennis to await the action of the Grand Jury. Ennis, the accused, is a man about forty years of age. He has a dilapidated, fanatic look, not unlike that of old Brown.—*Baltimore Sun, 25th.*

MORE SLAVERS CAPTURED.—The *Evening Post* has the following special despatch from Washington, dated May 23, 1860:

It is said here, and upon the best authority, that the slave trade is assuming new and important features, and that the President is in possession of undoubted information that a large number of slavers have been captured at various places off the coast of Cuba. The impression that has prevailed for some time as to the complicity of the Captain-General of Cuba is said to be entirely confirmed. The Custom-House and other officials of the Island, also, are said to be largely interested in the trade. It is believed that the names of these parties, or some of them at least, are in the hands of the Executive. This asserted complicity on the part of these men, and of the Captain-General particularly, is creating much excitement.

RETURN OF THE TROY FUGITIVE.—Charles Nalle, the fugitive slave who was rescued in Troy, and made his escape on Friday, April 27, returned to that city on the 24th instant, his freedom having been purchased and the proper emancipation papers having been received a day or two since by Uri Gilbert, Esq., who in the main conducted the negotiation for his purchase with his late owner, B. W. Hansborough, of Stevensburgh, Va. When Nalle escaped from Troy, he was driven some six miles on his way to Schenectady, when his handcuffs were cut in two. He walked to Schenectady, arriving there at eleven o'clock at night. Here he found friends, who took off his handcuffs and started him on his way to Amsterdam on foot. He arrived in sight of that village at daylight, but lay in the bushes all day, emerging at night. Next night he went ten miles back in the country, where he found employment, and where he remained until his return to Troy.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—There was found on the farm of Moses Pennock, in East Marlborough township, on the 15th instant, by J. W. Anderson, a rare specimen of the copper coin of England, the antique date of which is somewhat interesting. The following is a description of it. On the face side of the coin are these words, in Latin, in full and well-formed Roman characters: "GEORGIVS II. REX.," with a very distinct profile of that monarch. On the back is the word "BRITANNIA," and the date, 1731, with a picture of a female, in Roman costume, leaning against a stone, holding a long staff in her right hand, and in her left an olive branch. The date of this coin would make it to have been issued forty-nine years after the settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn, forty-five before the declaring of Independence, 129 from the present time." In all probability it has been lost over one hundred years, since it was found near the cellar-mark of a house which has long since passed away.—*Chester County (Pa.) Times.*

THE COOLIE TRAFFIC.—*Washington, May 27, 1860.* Our Minister at China has thought the conduct of the captains of the ships Messenger, Kitty Simpson, Governor Morton, and Pioneer, as connected with the Coolie traffic, thus seriously affecting our relations with that empire, of sufficient importance to make it the subject matter of a special despatch to our Government.

The attention of the Governor-General has been directed to the undisputed fact that the Chinese were taken on board the vessels lying at Whampoa by force or fraud, against a positive rule at Fort Canton that they should be shipped only at that place. Minister Ward says no American house will have any connection with the traffic, but, unfortunately, ready agents are found among the English and other merchants of Hong Kong. American vessels are chartered by the subjects of other Governments, and so odious has become the traffic by recent transactions that other Governments have either forbidden their vessels to be engaged in it, or so restrained and regulated it as to throw it almost entirely into the hands of the Americans.

Mr. Ward expresses the earnest hope that Congress will pass a law to punish such offences, which obstruct the faithful execution of our treaty stipulations. He says the horrors of the Coolie traffic, as conducted at Whampoa, cannot be properly described within the limits of a despatch. The kidnapping grievance has become so intolerable that the Governor-General has been aroused to action, and at Canton rewards have been again offered for the heads of foreigners.

The bill which Mr. Eliot has introduced into the House for the remedy of the evil so far as American shipmasters are concerned, is in accordance with the views of the State Department.

ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO REMOVE FREE NEGROES FROM MARYLAND.—On Thursday night Marshal Kane, from information received, detailed Lieutenant Grady, with a posse of officers, to guard the approaches to the jail, for the purpose of preventing the removal of some colored persons who, it was stated, were about to be carried out of the State for sale. It appears that, a short time since, the Sheriff, by order of the Criminal Court, sold a number of colored persons who had been convicted of offences against the laws. They were purchased by John Hinsley, and it was stated to the Marshal of Police that he intended to sell them out of the State, though the order of the Court required that they remain in the State, and serve for specified terms. Shortly before eleven o'clock the prisoners were removed from the jail, manacled, and placed in a vehicle, to which was attached four horses. The driver went up to Eager street, and then in a westward direction.

When near Charles street, the police stopped the vehicle and arrested John English, who had the charge of it. They were all taken to the police-station, where the colored persons still remain. English was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 for a hearing on Monday, Hinsley having entered his surety. Marshal Kane, at a late hour, ordered that a warrant be issued for the arrest of Hinsley, which was done, and Justice Hiss held him to bail in the sum of $3,000, after having been locked up several hours, Daniel McCann having become his surety. To-day the matter will be laid before the Grand Jury for the investigation of that body. It was stated that another wagon, containing two colored men, was driven off, and a telegraphic despatch was yesterday sent to Washington, requesting the detention of the party if they should pass through that city, but up to last night no answer had been received. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Erasmus Levy, who is charged with having been engaged in an attempt to remove the negroes on the preceding night, but which failed because of the noise made by them. At a late hour last night Levy surrendered himself, and was locked up at the police-station.—*Baltimore Sun, May 19.*

REMINISCENCES.—Ezekiel P. Walton, member of Congress from Vermont, is the editor of the Montpelier *Watchman*, one of the ablest journals of the Green Mountain State. In a letter to his paper, Mr. Walton, having alluded to one of the graduates of the *Watchman* printing-office, whom he found in a public post at Washington, makes this complimentary reference to other "boys" who learned the "art and mystery" of printing in the same establishment:

"Of five boys in the *Watchman* office at one time, three have been in Congress (two as members and one as an officer), and the other two are smart enough for either position. One of the two is Oliver Johnson, the well-known editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and the other dropped the 'stick' and 'rule,' took to trade, and fell—into a postmastership under Buchanan. Alas! for Charley."

Chauncey L. Knapp, late Representative of the Middlesex (Mass.) District in Congress, one of the "boys" alluded to by Mr. Walton, and editor of the Lowell *Citizen*, says:

"A sketch of each of the 'boys' who have from first to last graduated from the same establishment would, we imagine, make a record of some interest, at least to such of the number as still live. Among them we recall several who have 'dropped the stick and rule,' but have nevertheless achieved success in the walks of literature, in the pulpit, and in various enterprises of business. And we venture to affirm that few of the whole number can now point to any period of the past, around which cluster so many pleasant memories as when, in the halcyon days of apprenticeship, they plied the *stick* and *rule*."

Special Notices.

JUNIOR ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall on Tuesday evening, June 5.

THE YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will convene at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on FIRST-DAY, June 3d, and continue in session two or three days. Mr. Mayo, Pastor of the Liberal Church in Albany, is expected to be present.

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THE STANDARD.

ANNIVERSARY SPEECHES.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

can politics a principle that we ought not to be obliged to initiate. What are we, strong-minded women and reputationless men (laughter), that we should come here to initiate a constitutional struggle? I will tell you why. Because William Pitt Fessenden says, in the United States Senate, in voting for the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt, that he hadn't examined the question, and didn't want to examine it. There is another test of American life. Mark me; I do not care one chip about this man. He is another candidate for the Presidency. If it lay in my power, I would create empires and have a dozen men for President. Napoleon-like, I would summon kingdoms into existence and reward every aspirant of the Republican party with a Presidential chair. I have no envious malignity toward their success. But I have one object; it is to make the American people know themselves, and I am certain that if I could only paint them, gorgon as they are, I should turn them to stone when they looked at their own likeness (laughter and applause). Mr. Fessenden began his speech on Thaddeus Hyatt by admitting distinctly that when the question came up of raising the Committee, he voted for it, and so he voted for committing the man. He hadn't examined the question, and didn't want to examine it. He knew that to vote against it would risk the Republican party; therefore he voted for it. Now, a man tall enough to be a candidate for the Presidency commences an argument which would disgrace Lord North—an argument which would disgrace the veriest tory that enslaved the thirteen Colonies—and he tells you why he makes it. He has done the act, and he is trying to scratch up cotton enough to cover himself (laughter). He stretches out his hands and tries to grasp reasons to justify it, when the wish is father to the thought. When a man is deep in the mire and wants to prove that he is clean, you may be sure an ingenious lawyer will find ninety-nine reasons. So Mr. Fessenden finds reasons to justify his act, but the key of his speech is in the beginning, where he says he voted for the Committee without examination, without letting his mind take any interest in the question. What legislation! An honest man, with a conscience, about to be dragged up to Washington, lassoed like a horse by the restive saddle-holder of the Slave Power, and then plunged into prison, and the statesman (shame on the laws of our constitutional government!) is so engaged in the petty game of making Presidents and ascertaining which cock will crow loudest at Chicago that he does not stop to consider what his vote means constitutionally. But, mark you, he does stop to consider whether his vote will serve the Republican party.

After I had read the last speech of Seward, I met an earnest, devoted friend of that statesman on one of your railways. He had read it, and I asked him how he liked it. "Well," says he, "I consider it an able speech." "But," said I, "do you think it comes up to the Rochester speech?" "Well, n'yes; I think it includes it" (laughter). Says I, "Do you think it does credit to the man's humanity?" He turned round, half indignantly, and said, "Now, that is very unfair in you. You know Seward don't mean what he says" (laughter and applause).

Now, suppose I had been in London when Sir Robert Peel, in 1845 or 1846, made his first anti-corn law speech, and had walked up to one of his admirers, and, in criticizing that argument, had said to him, "You know Sir Robert Peel don't mean what he says." "Why," he would say, "do you mean to insult me? Do you mean to throw an imputation on the personal honor of Peel?" But in America it is thought "malignant philanthropy" not to give a statesman the credit of telling lies (laughter and applause). I say that is a sad state of public opinion. It seems to me it marks a most degenerate level of the public conscience.

A friend (Mr. Noyes) on this platform to-day arraigned us Garrisonians because we were disunionists. He was a clergyman—one of the best. Now, you will mark, all through my speech I am not taking as specimens the poor miserable refuse. I do not dig up, in the kennel beneath, the dirt that covers such men as Stephen A. Douglas (laughter). No, I take down from the blue vault the star of the Empire State, and give you the advantage of being tested by the bright, consummate flower of your civilization. I do not take *The New York Independent*; I take a decent clergyman (laughter and applause). Some five or six years ago, in Germany, a learned man, in conversation with Carl Schurz, was lauding our great scholar, our most cultivated man, our literary ornament, our cap-sheaf of scholarship, Edward Everett, as an Abolitionist (laughter). Carl Schurz replied, deprecatingly, "You don't understand his position"; and he opened to him the gospel of hunkerism, and showed him, from chapter and verse, that Everett was no Abolitionist, that he did not pretend to be, that he repudiated us and our platform, and the whole agitation against slavery. The thoughtful man rubbed his forehead and looked down awhile. "Why," said he, "I thought he was a decent man" (laughter). That is the way it strikes a stranger (applause). Now, I take a young clergyman of your city, one of the most liberal, one of the most advanced, one of the purest—a man who makes sacrifices for his ideas. Yet see how he is begrimed in the smoke of your American life. He comes here and praises the Union, praises Washington and the fathers, talks about the battles of the revolution. That is all very well, but the murder for which a man was hung in Washington's day is of no sort of consequence to us. There is not a man in the city of New York likely to imitate the murder that that man committed. The trouble is that Washington's faults are lost in the blaze of his virtues; and the faults of good men are the curse of the world. Now, our young clerical friend gets up to criticize our disunion. Well, we have said there is the Constitution that claims to support slavery and to return slaves, and we do not mean to do either, and therefore we will not promise to. Is there anything plainer than that? Is there anything but simple decency in it? Suppose I am a Unitarian, and I go up to Dr. Cheever's Church and ask him, "What is your creed?" "Well," he says, "it is the Trinity, and the Atonement and Election," &c.; and he asks me if I wish to join his Church. I say, "I do," and I sign the creed. And after I have signed it, I meet a man who says to me, "I understand you have joined Dr. Cheever's Church." I tell him I have. "Do you believe in the Trinity?" he asks me. "Not a bit of it," I reply. "In the Atonement?" "Not at all." "How, then," he inquires, "did you come to sign the creed?" I answer, "You see, I wanted to get in there and persuade them to give up those absurd doctrines [laughter]; for I can't get a bit of influence with them till I get inside. They don't pay any regard to the man standing outside—the heretic; I must get inside." "Aye," the man would say, "but don't you think it looks a little like a lie?" "Not at all—that is American politics" [laughter and applause]. That is what they call Auburn statesmanship [faint applause]—of those in *Auburn city*, understand me, not in its prison. That is Republican cunning—cunning as a Yankee.

Now, you know that would be base. You know that the name of all baseness is the Jesuit. You know that, as Protestants, we have hated this lie on the lips for so many ages, that if you would take the blood and bones of a genuine Puritan Yankee and boil them down to the last residuum, you would find the last homœopathic atom to be hatred of a Jesuit [laughter]. And yet all this urging us to forego our scruples against false swearing in order that we may have influence, to stay in the Union against our consciences that we may help the slave; all this balancing of national gain wrung out of injustice to the negro; all this covering the hell of the slave system with the smoke of Bunker's Hill and the stars of thirty States; indeed the very platform of William H. Seward's speech, the very spirit that breathes from every word, is Ignatius Loyola, and the lie of Jesuit statesmanship. He is not to be blamed for it. You are to be blamed. You are, every one of you, pale, miserable pasteboard reflections of him [laughter]. You have all the guilt and not an atom of the ability [renewed laughter]—all the meanness, and not an atom of the good intention.

The saddest sight is a base, money-loving people, claiming to be Christian, marking the track of their degradation, like caravans, by skeletons of statesmen that they have dragged down to the pit [applause]. Every bright name in the galaxy of American history—Clay, Webster, Seward—will be gibbeted to the contempt of the Tacitus or the Prescott of one hundred years hence by the necessities of the position you impose upon him. And what we stand here to-night for is to make this Bible possible, to open a Christian Church, to inaugurate an era in history when, if God gives us noble brains and mothers create for us noble hearts, the maelstrom of American compromise shall not eat them up in the devil's service [laughter].

I have spoken longer than I intended [cries of "Go on"]. Oh, no; a better man than I is coming, the trumpet notes of whose life waked us all into being [applause], who is the great apology for thirty millions of cowards, who is himself the only proof that there exists Christianity in these thirty States. Yes you are to judge men by their fruits, and the so-called Church that created Moses Stuart, and Gardiner Spring, and Nehemiah Adams, and Wm. H. Seward, has an awful account to render to the Nineteenth Century; and the only plea that the American Church can make at the judgment-seat of posterity, to show that it was not wholly Ichabod, is to say on its knees, Remember that out of my bosom came WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON [loud applause].

Speech of William Lloyd Garrison.

MR. GARRISON, being next introduced, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I cannot help it! I have tried to keep cool all the evening [the hall was exceedingly crowded], but I present myself to you, unavoidably, in a most incendiary state of feeling—almost at fever heat (laughter and applause). And, really, my coming forward at this late hour must be solely for one purpose—to make, as I expect to make, a very moving speech; for I am quite certain that, before I get through—though I mean to be brief—you will all be in favor of unconditional emancipation (laughter); and if you do not secure it, it will not be because the floors are not open at your service.

Why should I follow those who have addressed you so ably and eloquently? The truth is, I feel somewhat enervated, for it is evident that I am with the majority to-night—and that is rather weakening to me (laughter). I cannot, however, but be gratified that those who, ten years ago, could not bear my lightest word are now able to swallow John Brown and his rifle (laughter). This indicates a marvellous change in public opinion. Why should I address you? You are all Abolitionists; therefore the work is done. Do you ask, "What do you mean by such language?" I mean what I say. What is it to be an Abolitionist? It is to love liberty above all things. It is to desire to be free as God has made us. That is abolitionism, if impartially carried out; for there is no soul here that would not kindle with indignation if a chain were proffered to it. Now, then, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also even so to them." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (applause). This is the head and front of my offending: this is "Garrisonian abolitionism." I claim to be a man, and every fibre within me abhors injustice. I claim the God-given right to be free; but, at the same time, I recognize in every other human being a duplicate of myself; and when I see him in bondage, I feel called of God to demand his immediate emancipation (applause). Nobody needs any light on this question. The Almighty never yet created a sane man who did not know that slavery was wrong. *Every man knows it in his own case;* and if he will not know it in the case of others, it is because he is false to his nature and to his God.

Sir, I am glad that, within the last few months, we have had this question presented to us in a very simple yet severe test, so that we may know where we stand in this struggle for the rights of man. The enterprise of John Brown at Harper's Ferry brought up the anti-slavery issue in a new phase, and the nation has had to look it in the face, and to pronounce sentence one way or another. Who was it that instigated the Harper's Ferry invasion? Ask the *Journal of Commerce*, ask the *New York Herald*, ask the *New York Observer*, ask the *Washington States*, ask the *Richmond Enquirer!* Why, of course, it was Giddings, Chase, Sumner, Seward, Hale, Phillips, Garrison! Indeed! Now, I think it is paying those men a little too much honor—a great deal too much. I think we may be warranted in going back to "the times that tried men's souls"—to the days of '76, when the Declaration of Independence was given to the world, proclaiming it to be a self-evident truth that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty." I think that Patrick Henry ought to be held responsible for the action of John Brown in Virginia, for his motto was, "Give me liberty or give me death," and John Brown merely acted upon the suggestion (applause). I think Virginia herself ought to be held responsible for that invasion. Take her Constitution! Look at the very first article of it! There you find it explicitly declared that every man is created with an inalienable right to freedom. Look at the seal of that Commonwealth! The motto is, "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"So always to tyrants!" let them be cut down with the sword! John Brown followed that motto, and took Virginia at her word.

There was a mistake—a very serious mistake—committed in the execution of that noble man. The wrong man was taken. It should have been Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, rather than John Brown (applause).

I think the sentiments of the civilized world are also to be held responsible for what John Brown did. How is it that all men in the world but negroes have a right to fight for liberty, and to be assisted when they are struggling to break their chains? If I go to England, there I hear Englishmen singing—

> "Britannia rules the waves,
> For Britons never can be slaves."

I pass over the border, and I hear Scotchmen proudly singing the words of Burns:

> "Scots who have with Wallace bled,
> Scots whom Bruce has often led,
> Welcome to your gory bed,
> Or to victory!
>
> "Who would be a traitor knave?
> Who would fill a coward's grave?
> Who so base as be a slave?
> Let him turn and flee!
>
> "Lay the proud usurper low;
> Tyrants fall in every foe;
> Liberty's in every blow,
> Let us do or die!" (Applause.)

I pass on to Ireland, and there I hear Irishmen singing in chorus the words of Moore:

> "Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
> Condemned to chains unholy,
> Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
> Would pine beneath them slowly?"

I cross over the channel, and I hear Frenchmen singing with exultation—no, I forget; I hear nothing in France, now, but the stifled sobs of dying liberty. But I may live to hear Frenchmen singing again, as of old—

> "Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
> Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
> Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—
> Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
> To arms, to arms, ye brave!
> The patriot sword unsheath!
> March on, march on, all hearts resolved
> On liberty or death!" (Applause.)

I pass over into Spain, and I hear the Spanish people taking up the refrain:

> "Look forth on every well known spot,
> On field and forest, rock and river;
> Then draw the sword, but sheath it not
> Till these from foreign feet ye sever!
> The trampling feet of foreign hosts,
> Who march in power and proud disdain,
> Haste! homeward send their shrinking ghosts!
> Ho! to the combat, Spain!"

And then I return to my own country, and I hear ringing through the land on the fourth of July—

> "The British yoke, the Gallic chain,
> Was urged upon our necks in vain;
> All haughty tyrants we disdain,
> And shout, long live America!" (Applause.)

All this, forsooth, is noble and patriotic. But when it relates to the case of four millions of people in this country, deprived of all their rights, then, for them to imitate the example thus set them by Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Spaniards, Americans, is a thought too horrible to be cherished for a moment; and for any to aid them is a crime to be expiated upon the gallows! I tell you this has brought the matter to our own doors. I stand here to assert the right of every slave, on every plantation, to smite the slaveholder to the dust with whatever weapon he can take, if it be right (applause)—mark you! if it be right for other men to do the same thing. (Voice—"True, true.") I measure the right of the slave by Bunker Hill monument (applause). I am a peace man, but not of that kind who would disarm the slaves and allow them to be scourged and driven lifelong to unrequited toil as beasts of burden, and grant to all other people in the world the right to fight, even if they are menaced with a chain (applause). No; I say if any man believes in fighting himself for freedom, and does not believe in John Brown, Harper's Ferry and slave insurrections, he is a hypocrite [applause and hisses]. Let me admonish the South that she is slumbering on a volcano, and it will be well for her to make haste to do justice and to set the oppressed free [hear, hear]. For there is this warlike, patriotic spirit, outside of the American Anti-Slavery Society, spreading over the North, and daily increasing in intensity. It animates the breasts of men who are not, perhaps, sympathizing with the slave so much as smarting under the wrongs and outrages that have been perpetrated upon themselves, as in Kansas—or upon Northern rights and Northern freedom generally. They have little faith in moral suasion; they have great faith in revolvers and rifles, and they will use them against those haughty Southern oppressors, unless the South takes warning speedily, and abolishes her nefarious slave system.

I deny the right of any man to shed blood, even in the holiest of causes; but, then, I am a "fanatic," you know—my peace principles are fit only to be laughed to scorn! Verily, then, you shall be measured by your own standard; and as you believe in the sword, the time may be near, and I believe is near, when the sword shall be given. But there need be no shedding of blood. What is wanted? The simplest thing in the world. Talk not of the complication of this slave system. I know how old it is. I know that, at the very time when the Pilgrim Fathers were planting their feet on Plymouth Rock, a cargo of slaves was landing at Jamestown, Va. I know that slavery has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, and entered into our national life-blood. But, notwithstanding this, I maintain that God has made it possible to put an end to this colossal iniquity in a moment, without any detriment to anybody in the land—without any jar, violence or wrong done to any person. What is the thing to be done? Hark! God thunders from the heavens, "Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, let the oppressed go free." Let this nation obey that command, instantly, and the day of Jubilee will echo through the land, and every soul be made happy through the deliverance thus wrought out.

But we have not the disposition to do this; and because we have it not, shall we say it cannot be done? Shall we say, as they did of old, "there is no hope?" Men ask, "What will you do with the slaves?" Nonsense! folly! madness! Do with them! All that we have to do is to *change relations*. Just let the slaves remain where they are. Let the Ithuriel spear of Liberty touch the chattel, and restore him to a man, and let him stand where he now is, on the same plantation—only pay him honestly for his labor, and do not rob him of his rights [applause].

Oh, this is a Christian nation! this is a Bible-believing nation! They believe in this book as the inspired word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, and that the commands of God ought to be obeyed! Then I say to them, this is the command of the Lord: "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free" [applause]. Do you deny that this is the Bible, or the command of Jehovah? Oh, no—but then—what? "Well, it ought to be obeyed; but, Lord, give us a little time to turn round!" God's time is now. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation; to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "But, Lord, if we should obey the command now, we should all have our throats cut [laughter]; the whole South would be deluged in blood." "Undo the heavy burdens," saith the Lord. "But, Lord, this is a very complicated question; it is so mixed up! Gradually, Lord! give us a little more time!" "Break every yoke," thunders the Lord from heaven. "Oh, Lord, this is downright Garrisonian infidelity" [great laughter and applause].

Now, as if in infinite condescension to our unbelief, God tells us in the context exactly what shall follow; not by the interposition of miracles, but by a moral and philosophical necessity. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday; thy health shall spring forth speedily, and the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of the paths to dwell in."

Oh, such will be the glorious consequences of immediate emancipation! And so we are left utterly without excuse. Our belief in the Bible is a pretence, is sheer hypocrisy, if we do not at once break every yoke.

Now, let me say a word about your own rights. My Republican friends, you draw a line of demarkation between yourselves and myself. You are as much opposed to slavery as I am—I will not deny it. You are as anxious for its abolition as I am, but you cannot cooperate with me. You are not "Garrisonians." What is the matter? Well, I go too far, you think; I am rash and fanatical. I ask a great deal too much. If I would be more moderate, careful and reasonable, you would join me. What is it that I ask? Have I ever asked for full and complete justice? No. I will tell you what I feel I shall have to do in the judgment day, if the slaves shall there rise up and say, "You claimed to be our representative and advocate; you professed before the world to remember those in bonds as bound with them, and yet you never asked the simplest justice for us by way of atonement for the past. All you ever asked was, houseless, homeless, penniless freedom." Oh, I cannot think of asking for entire justice? There is not gold enough in Australia, California, or the whole world, to settle the score with these millions of scourged, imbruted, plundered fellow-creatures. No! Hence they are willing to say with us, "Let by-gones be by-gones; only give us freedom, and, forgetting all the past, we will take care of the future for ourselves" [applause].

Well, my Republican friend, you say you cannot go with me. You can in imagination, at least, I suppose. Give me, then, your arm, and let us take a walk down to Carolina. We are hardly within its limits, before we are met by a Lynch Committee, and interrogated. "What is your name?" they inquire of me. "Garrison." "Are you the Boston Abolitionist?" "I am." "In favor of immediate emancipation?" "Most assuredly." "Do you believe that slaveholding is a sin under all circumstances?" "Yes." "Do you say we are no better than men-stealers?" "Exactly so; for that describes the offence." "Enough—we will hang you directly, without benefit of clergy."

They next interrogate my brother Republican as to his views. He begins by saying, "I hope you will understand that I am not a Garrisonian Abolitionist. He is for meddling with slavery in the States; I am not. He is for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law; I am for letting it alone. I am ready to carry out all the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution. I recognize you as very excellent Christians and patriots, and rejoice to give you the right hand of fellowship." "Well," they inquire, "haven't you any opinions on this subject of slavery?" "Why, if you won't take any offence, I—I will explain" [laughter]. "Well, explain: where do you stand in this matter?" "Well, I have told you, I don't mean to meddle with slavery where it is. It is exclusively your own concern. But—don't get angry! I am simply going to prevent the extension of slavery." "You scoundrel! then you shall hang by the side of Garrison" [great laughter and applause]. And he *would* hang [renewed laughter]. Any man who dares to go down to the South to preach the non-extension of slavery, on the ground of the immorality and dangerous character of that institution, had better make his will before going, for we never shall see him again [laughter].

You Republicans talk of your glorious Union! You are besotted; you have none. You talk of your country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific! You have no such country more than I, and I am an outlaw! I mean exactly what I say. In the Southern States, you know that you cannot exist as Republicans. You have gone through one Presidential election—how? The slaveholders gathered up their strength from the whole country. All their prominent speakers came to the North, and at Plymouth Rock, in Faneuil Hall, on Bunker Hill, in every free State, they addressed multitudes of people, boldly defending their "peculiar institution," denouncing John C. Fremont in the most opprobrious terms, and advocating the election of James Buchanan as essential to the security of their slave system; and nobody molested them. Who of the Republican leaders or orators went to the South to make proselytes? Was not John C. Underwood, a highly respectable citizen—merely for preferring Fremont to Buchanan—compelled to flee for his life from Virginia? Was not Prof. Hedrick obliged to flee from North Carolina for the same reason? In one case, an advocate for Fremont was shot dead with impunity by an adherent of Buchanan, in the presence of his wife, and she was forced to leave the State. I maintain that there was no Presidential election in all the slave States in 1856. That is not an election where brutal and bloody ruffianism takes possession of the ballot-boxes in fifteen States of the Union, and prevents a free, unfettered expression of opinion. The government is dissolved; there is no Union—nothing but the supremacy of the revolver and the Bowie knife. The slaveholders march over the North as they please, speak what they please, vote as they please; but you, men of the North—you, Republicans—must wear padlocks upon your lips in all the South! Another Presidential election is at hand, and you are going into it only with the North to draw upon for votes, while the South will draw from the whole country. Where is your manhood? What! you the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers—of those who fought at Yorktown, Saratoga, Lexington and Concord! Where are your constitutional rights?

I think it is time to have a revolution. I think if this is to be the state of things, we ought to have self-respect and manhood enough to say it shall be so no longer [applause]—that either, as freemen, we will have liberty to speak our thoughts everywhere, like the slaveholders, or we will dash this Union in pieces as a potter's vessel is broken [applause]—that no flag should be ours that will not protect us wherever we go—that no Union should receive our homage unless it be a Union which means entire reciprocity and equal rights. Of these we are now deprived. We are living under the sway of a merciless oligarchy. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" I like that! [A Voice—"So do I"—applause]. No union with those who say, "Before we will unite with you of the North, we have certain requisitions to make of you; first, that, in proportion to the number of our victims, you shall grant us political power in Congress, that we may wield it in behalf of slavery; second, that whenever any of our slaves run away to the North, we shall have the constitutional right to recapture them wherever we can find them, and carry them back to stripes and chains; and, then, that if our slaves, goaded to desperation, shall dare to strike for liberty, as our fathers did, you shall agree that the Government of the United States shall summon its entire force, if necessary, to put them down." These are the recognized conditions of our Union. I put them under my feet, and stamp upon them as I would upon a venomous reptile [applause].

Men of New York, have you ever had any other Union than this? Is it not in the bond? Were not two fugitive slaves carried back from your very city, only a day or two since? What do you dare to do in such cases? You keep them in your cellars or attics until they can be stealthily carried to Canada! That is all you dare to do.

A few months since, a Rochester paper stated that some half-dozen fugitives from bondage had passed through that city, a few days before, on their way to Canada. When I read as far as that, I stopped, and said—"On their way to Canada! What is the necessity! Rochester has ample room; why not stop there? New York is the Empire State; it could take the population of the whole nation within its domains; why not freely choose their own abode? But they were "on their way to Canada." Not that the people of Rochester had not sympathizing hearts; not that the people of New York wanted those slaves to be sent back. Left to the prompting of their natural humanity, they would have done everything for them. But it was because of the accursed constitutional bond. "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die." "We have made a constitutional agreement to surrender fugitive slaves; and not to carry it out would dissolve the Union." Then let the Union be dissolved!

The leader of those slaves stated that he had suffered so much brutality that he could not endure it any longer. So he resolved to foment an insurrection, and strike home for liberty, or find a bloody grave. He made known his purpose to some of his fellow slaves, and they agreed to rise with him, but before the time came for striking the blow, he had a dream one night, in which he saw the image of his murdered sister, who had been whipped to death by her master because she would not submit to his brutal lust; and she admonished him not to attempt the fearful experiment, telling him it would prove a failure, and encouraging him to obtain his liberty by flight. The next night he saw the same vision, and the same counsel was given. A third time he was thus admonished to forego his insurrectionary design, and flee. Accepting it as a revelation from Heaven, he made it known to those who had conspired with him, and they agreed to try to make their escape. But before they started, they congregated in a graveyard at the hour of midnight, where only God and the angels and the stars were looking down upon them; and, forming a circle, they reverently knelt down, and, drawing blood from their arms, and mingling it in a cup which they had with them, each of them drank of that awful sacrament, and each took a solemn oath that he never again would wear a chain, or betray his associates [applause].

Is there anything in the history of men struggling to be free more sublime and thrilling than a scene like that? And yet, such are classed with dogs, cattle, perishable property!

A word further as to the Union. Let me appeal to your religious conscience. Suppose that it were not slavery, but idolatry, that existed at the South. Suppose that the people of the North believed in one God, in the Bible as his inspired word, in Christ as the common Savior and Redeemer; but that in fifteen States of this Union, they believed in many gods, and worshipped idols. Suppose it was deemed desirable to form a union between the Christian North and Pagan South; that a national convention was accordingly held, and the question came up, "Upon what condition shall the Union be formed?" Suppose the Pagans should say, "Upon these conditions: First, that, in proportion to the number of idols we manufacture, possess and worship shall be our political power in the national legislature; second, that no man from the North, coming down into the South, shall be permitted to say anything in disparagement of idolatry; third, that you, the Christians of the North, shall be silent on the subject of our idolatry in the South; and fourth, that we shall have the exclusive control of the general government." Now, suppose the North should accept those conditions? Would that be a Christian Union? Would it not be going over to Paganism? Would it not be a virtual repudiation, before heaven and earth, of a belief in one God, one Savior, and in the Bible as an inspired volume? So, in forming the existing Union in accordance with the dictation of the South, the North has repudiated liberty.

Talk of heathenism! Why, there is no power out of the bottomless pit, or in it, more hostile to God, more malignant or murderous, than slavery in the Southern States of our country [applause]. I read of one of our missionaries in Hindostan, who, in the ardor of his zeal, in the very presence of the worshippers of Juggernaut, leaped upon the car of the idol, and there dared to proclaim Christ and him crucified, and they did not molest him. Let any missionary or minister of Jesus Christ at the South dare to leap upon the Juggernaut of slavery, and proclaim a free gospel, a free Savior, and liberty for all in the name of God, and he dies a felon's death!

Now, I say, such a system is a scandal to human nature, and dishonorable to the religion we profess. We are bound, as one man, to rise up and grapple with it for its eternal overthrow. It is both the right and the duty of the North to combine its wealth, enterprise, skill, genius and moral power for its speedy extinction. When every chain shall be broken, every slave set free on the American soil, then will the strongholds of foreign despotism totter, and we may joyfully exclaim, as the result of our great deed, there is

> "A voice on every wave,
> A sound on every sea,
> The watchword of the brave,
> The anthem of the free!
> Where'er a wind is rushing,
> Where'er a stream is gushing,
> The swelling sounds are heard
> Of man to freeman calling,
> Of broken fetters falling,
> And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
> The bursting shout of Freedom's rallying word!"

[Applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN.—It was said of Wilberforce that he went to heaven bearing in his hands the broken fetters of eight hundred thousand slaves. I am happy to say that we have with us to-night a man whose deeds of mercy to the oppressed entitle him to a place in our regards as warm if not as high as that which we assign to the immortal champion of British Emancipation—one in whom more than two thousand American slaves, in their flight from a worse than Algerine bondage, have found a friend, ready to peril reputation, property and life, and trample under his feet an infamous law of the United States, in his efforts to speed them on their way to a land of liberty. Every person present has doubtless heard of that mysterious agent of locomotion, the Underground Railroad, and some of you, perhaps, are stockholders therein. You will, therefore, I am sure, be glad to see one of the principal Directors, for whose arrest it was lately proposed, in the Legislature of Maryland, to offer a reward of $5,000. Allow me, then, to introduce to you the venerable THOMAS GARRETT, of Wilmington, Delaware.

MR. GARRETT, on presenting himself, was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. Gentlemen waved their hats and ladies their handkerchiefs, and a large portion of the audience, in their eagerness to obtain a fair view of the venerable Quaker's face, and to testify their appreciation of his good deeds, rose simultaneously to their feet. Not a single hiss interrupted the general enthusiasm. MR. GARRETT briefly related the circumstances attending the escape of some slaves whom it had been his privilege to aid in making their escape.

As MR. GARRETT retired from the platform, there were vehement cries of "Worth," "Worth," "Worth," in response to which the Rev. DANIEL WORTH, recently released from a North Carolina prison, into which he had been thrown for the crime of speaking against slavery and distributing three copies of Helper's "Impending Crisis," came forward and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He spoke a few words explanatory of the object for which he had come to the North, viz., to raise $3,000 to reimburse the men who, by becoming his bail in that amount, had rescued him from an imprisonment that was likely to destroy his life. A considerable sum was contributed for him on the spot.

The CHAIRMAN then introduced to the assembly a fair-skinned woman who had been twice sold on the auction-block, and who, having obtained her own freedom, was trying to procure the means of freeing her mother. A number of persons, as the meeting broke up, came forward to offer her their contributions.

The meeting had been one of such interest and enthusiasm that, although it was now almost 11 o'clock, the audience seemed reluctant to depart. The friends of the cause bade one another "good night" with mutual congratulations in view of what they had enjoyed and of the brightening prospects of the cause.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

A meeting of the members of the Society was held immediately after the close of the public exercises, when the following persons were elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

President.
DR. HENRY A. HARTT.
Vice-Presidents.
EDWARD W. GILBERT, ERASMUS D. HUDSON,
THEODORE TILTON.
Corresponding Secretary.
OLIVER JOHNSON.
Recording Secretary.
JAMES B. RICHARDS.
Additional Members of the Executive Committee.—S. H. GAY, ABBY H. GIBBONS, CORNELIUS BRAMHALL, J. F. CLEVELAND, ELIAS SMITH.

THE "REIGN OF TERROR" IN NORTH CAROLINA.

STATEMENT OF REV. DANIEL WORTH.

(On Monday evening, May 14th, a meeting convened in the City Assembly Rooms, in Broadway, to hear from the lips of Rev. DANIEL WORTH, then just arrived in the city, a narrative of the circumstances attending his imprisonment in North Carolina, for the crime of preaching the gospel of Christ and for circulating Helper's "Impending Crisis." ELIZUR KETCHUM, Esq., presided on the occasion, and the hall was well filled by an intelligent audience. The pre-occupation of our columns by the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society has made it impossible for us hitherto to give any account of this meeting. We now make room for *The Tribune's* report of the statement made on the occasion by Mr. Worth, which is of permanent interest.—ED. STANDARD.]

ON rising before the audience, Mr. Worth was received with loud applause. He is a gentleman of near 60 years, though his activity and power would not indicate him to be as advanced. His flow of language is excellent, and his style impresses by its earnestness and strength. He said that he was here to address the audience in relation to matters connected with his mission as a minister in the South. It had been more than five months since he had been privileged to speak, or to hear scarce any sounds but those of blasphemy, which were around him while incarcerated in prison. The part of the South where he had been laboring was nearly the very centre of the Atlantic slave States, and, perhaps, the audience would be curious to know how it was that, in the centre of that country, there were Anti-Slavery Churches. He had gone there as a missionary, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, to take charge of some Anti-Slavery Churches. The seed of Anti-Slavery truth had been planted by the Quakers, who had settled there many years ago [applause], and from the testimony they bore against slavery had sprung this anti-slavery feeling. When but eighteen or nineteen years of age, he was engaged in an anti-slavery effort in that country, and which, at that time, was tolerably well received, and there were persons in this congregation now who were in possession of documents then printed and circulated, and which contained as ultra anti-slavery truth as could be found in his friend Mr. Helper's book. But times had changed since then. They had come to be more intensely pro-slavery. •Though born a North Carolinian, he had left there when a young man, to return again late in life. A few years back ministers had been sent into that country, at the request of the people, to organize Anti-Slavery Churches. Two or three had gone there, and had succeeded tolerably well in gathering into Church organizations men, women and children. Their success had aroused the jealousy of the religious professors and ministers, mainly of other organizations—men who professed to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet would sell mothers and babes on the auction-block [cries of "Shame"]. Opposition, resulting in persecution, was brought to bear against them, and they were driven by mob violence out of the land. Their Churches were broken up, and men and women, thinking that they should never again enjoy the rights of conscience, scattered, going mostly to the free States of the West. Still there were some left who signified their desire that some minister would come from the North, to be their guide and teacher. After a few years, he had been solicited to go there, thinking that he would be better received on account of being a native of the State. He had consented, and had labored for two years in their midst, and probably, *had it not been for the terrible affair at Harper's Ferry*, which had shaken the whole South, he might have still been there undisturbed. • When he went there he was well aware of the jealousy of Southerners, and he had formed his plan of operations. It was to stand aloof from the colored population, and especially from the slaves; and he did not know that even rumor had charged him with holding a conversation with a colored person, or if it had, it had charged falsely; and he did not believe that he had in his experience in the South spoken to one except in the presence of white persons in his congregation. Indeed, when he addressed them in his Church, he had inculcated on them obedience to their masters, and a Christian endurance of their bonds; that to this they must for the present submit, and by so doing show themselves capable of those virtues which most adorned human character. His success had seemed to answer somewhat to that which his predecessor had experienced. After laboring awhile they seemed to have got over the palsy which had attached to the cause in consequence of the persecution of the ministers. He had enjoyed the pleasure there, which always animated the Christian minister's heart, of seeing sinners awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and afterward had heard them singing the song of the ransomed captive. Warm attachments had sprung up between him and his congregation, so much so that though he had intended to return North, he did not feel at liberty to sunder the ties that bound him to them. He had supposed that if he abstained entirely from communications with the colored population he would not have been held amenable to the law of the State, the penalty of which had been visited upon him, which law provided against the circulation of anything which should tend to make slaves "uneasy" in their bonds. He did not suppose that one slave had seen or understood the argument of Helper's book, which he had circulated there. When he had been there a short time he had written a communication to *The American Missionary*, in which he had stated the result of his first meeting in North Carolina. In it he had said that beside the usual division of mankind into saints and sinners, he had among his flock "chattels," and chattels who seemed to act and to listen to the words of exhortation and teaching, as if they were human beings, and had souls like other persons [applause]. Shortly after that, the Rev. George McNeil, editor of *The North Carolina Presbyterian*, wrote an article in his paper, headed "An Abolition Emissary." The Rev. gentleman expressed his astonishment at the impudence of any man who should come and undertake to preach as he [Mr. Worth] had done. Instead of the American Missionary Association being what it professed to be, it was a band of blood-thirsty Abolitionists seeking to spread blood and carnage over the whole South. He said, too, that he had deemed it to be his duty to read the document [Mr. Worth's letter] to the solicitor of the Fourth Circuit, to commence a prosecution, but he kindly trusted that he [the speaker] would at once flee, and he should send the paper to him to let him know his suggestions. At that time he [Mr. Worth] was not aware of the extent of the excitement in the South, nor did he know it until his arrest. He found then that his name had been in the papers all over the State, and that somebody in the North had favored the intelligent portion of the people there with all the documents. A certain Judge, known as a "fire-eater" in political matters at Raleigh, had issued four warrants for his arrest, and had sent them to the sheriffs of the four counties which comprised his field of labor. So anxious was Judge Saunders to get him within his reach, that he made the time of the return of the warrants too short, and the result was, that two of the sheriffs did not get the warrants until after the time of the return had passed, and the other two too late to make the arrest in time for the return. It had seemed to him that a kind Providence had watched over him in this, for had he been taken to Raleigh, he would doubtless have fared worse than he did. But hearing there was a process against him, he had driven to Greensborough and delivered himself up. Two charges were preferred against him. One for speaking words tending to make the colored population uneasy; and the other for circulating a book of an incendiary character. The preliminary examination was held before three Magistrates, and as he had but little opportunity to consult an attorney, he had concluded to defend his own case. They said that the Helper book was an abolition harangue. In defending himself he had referred to the book itself, and had quoted the language of Jefferson. He said to them that if he did entertain sentiments dangerous to the community, he wanted to tell them where he had got them. When a boy, at Guilford, North Carolina, he had read the words of Washington and Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, of Patrick Henry, and even their own William Gaston; and from them he had learned his anti-slavery. He asked them why they did not pursue the course of some despotic countries, where men died unwhipped of public justice, by taking up their bones and hanging them. Thus had Cromwell and his sons-in-law's remains been despoiled, and Wickliffe's too, upon the banks of the Avon, giving rise to the stanza:

> The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea;
> But Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
> Wide as the waters be.

He had advised them to take up the bones of Washington and Jefferson and hang them, then make their requisition on him and he would be on hand [applause]. One of them said Tom Jefferson in his life said a great deal of Tom-foolery which he would be ashamed of now. He [Mr. Worth] had it in his mouth to ask if the Declaration of Independence was a part of it; but he did not. His bail was fixed at only $15,000, of which $10,000 was for his appearance at Court, and $5,000 for his good behavior. About that time a man who had betrayed a woman, and murdered her in cold blood, was arrested and put in the same jail with him, and was admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000. But the expression of views against the sentiments of that country is in the minds of many there one of the worst crimes in the land. Mr. Worth then read two sections of the law under which he was indicted. It provided that any person who should wilfully bring into the State with intention to circulate, who should wilfully circulate, or should aid in bringing in and circulating, or who should publish within the State any matter, or printed pamphlet or paper, the tendency of which was to cause slaves to become discontented with their bondage, or which should have a tendency to cause free negroes to be dissatisfied with their social condition by the denial to them of political privileges, or to create a conspiracy, or insurrection, or resistance to the peace and quiet of the public, such person should be deemed guilty of felony, and should for the first offence be imprisoned for not less than one year, and put in the pillory. Judge Bailey had exhibited some feeling on his behalf. Though he had no discretion to save him from the lash on one of the indictments, yet he had done so, and had even said to the prosecutor, after the first trial, "You have tried that old man enough." Yet, despite that Judge's consideration for him, though there was not a line in Helper's book addressed to the slaves or free negroes, nor had one seen it, he had so construed the law that it was not necessary that a negro should see it, and that the offender, on conviction, should be whipped in the discretion of the Court, and for the second offence should suffer death. Then, for speaking words which should tend to excite an insurrection or conspiracy, the penalty was thirty-nine lashes (without discretion on the part of the Court) and imprisonment for one year, and for the second offence should suffer death. The fact was, that had it been known that he was on trial in Greensborough, there was not a man in the community who did not believe that he would have lost his life by violence. Referring again to the character of the law, he stated the facts in relation to a Congregational Church in North Carolina, which had as one of their bonds of union an article refusing to slaveholders membership with them. This fact becoming known, some of their leading members were indicted, and their pastor compelled to flee for his life. Would this audience tell him of despotism in Austria, or under Napoleon? They need not travel over the water to find it. If that was not despotism, they had no need of such a word in our vocabulary [applause]. But such was the law of the Christian State of North Carolina, where members of the Church love the Lord Jesus Christ, and sell his image ["shame," "shame"]. Mr. Worth then described his sufferings in prison, growing out of the stench and filth of the place, and which had caused him to fall away fifty pounds during the time of his incarceration. He explained the fact of his being released on bail after conviction, by reason of an appeal having been taken to the Supreme Court, not so much with the hope of getting a reversal of the verdict as to get him released on bail, so that he might come North to raise the means to reimburse his bondsmen. On both of his bonds were the names of slaveholders as securities [applause], and either of them, if he [Mr. W.] was in Carolina to-night, would stand by him at the risk of his life. This proved that he had not offended everybody who owned human chattels, and indeed he recognized a distinction between those men who recognized in this property so called humanity and immortality, and who were willing to educate them. He counted such rather on the side of liberty. He had as many friends among the North Carolina slaveholders as anywhere else. He alluded to the fact that the efforts which had been made to put down Mr. Helper's book had only created a demand for it, and it had been suggested that Mr. Helper was considerably indebted to Mr. Clark of Missouri for the gratuitous advertising of the work. • He did not know but he could have made a claim upon Mr. Helper himself for what he had done, but Mr. Helper had cancelled the obligation, if any existed, by giving him to-day $50 [loud applause]. He alluded to the happy influence his incarceration had had in Ohio and Indiana, (where he was extensively known, and where he had been for seven years a member of the Legislature,) in making Democrats into Republicans. Indeed, a Democratic Postmaster at Richmond, Indiana, was selling Helper's book by the hundred. [So his daughter wrote him.] James Buchanan ought to take some notice of that, he thought.

A VOICE—"He has got enough to do to take care of Douglas" [laughter].

Mr. Worth said that he was bound at the South in over $3,000, and before leaving had written to friends who had encouraged him to come North with the hope of raising the sum necessary to redeem his bonds. He spake feelingly and eloquently of the dreadful associations which he was compelled to bear with while in prison, of his family, and of the feelings with which they would hear of his return to bondage, as he certainly should, if unable to raise the necessary amount to redeem his bail. After speaking the other evening two ladies came to him and told him to be of good cheer, that he should not go back, and that if nobody else would raise the required sum the sisters throughout the country would do it themselves. And he believed they would. Some one had asked one of the slaveholders who gave bail for him, if he had any security that he [Mr. W.] would return, the questioner adding that he would probably remain at the North, leaving the bail to suffer. The slaveholder replied that he could easily pay the bond by selling his negroes. Mr. W. mentioned this to show that the slaveholders were not all hard-hearted and intolerant. He had visited, by invitation, the families of slaveholders, and had found good men among them, and they would be much better but for their barbarous laws. He thought the audience should be convinced that, to find intolerance and fettered speech, it was not necessary to go to France or Austria. It could be found in a much worse form in the Southern part of this Union.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be considerably reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
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